

*Love Is A Six-Letter Word*

# Ace

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## table of contents

### ARTICLES

|   |                |    |
|---|----------------|----|
| THOSE HUSH-HUSH SIRENS OF THE C.I.A.                  | Franklin Deems | 8  |
| THE PROBLEMS OF A PLAYBOY ASTRONAUT                   | Rex D. Ormsby  | 12 |
| THE BEAUTY WHO ROMPED WITH<br>WELLINGTON AND NAPOLEON | Dan Julius     | 28 |
| THE NEW DRUG THAT TURNS<br>COWARDS INTO HEROES        | Sam D. Baxter  | 44 |

### FICTION

|                            |                   |    |
|----------------------------|-------------------|----|
| LOVE IS A SIX-LETTER WORD  | Harry Gregory     | 10 |
| THE TREE HOUSE             | Hal Hennesey      | 20 |
| THE SWEDE FROM NUDIE-VILLE | Ted Mark          | 36 |
| NAKED GODDESS ON THE LOOSE | Morton J. Golding | 52 |

### FULL COLOR

|   |                       |    |
|---|-----------------------|----|
| COTTON PICKING TIME                                   | Beauty Profile        | 16 |
| GETTING ALONG SWIMMINGLY                              | Cover Girl Closeup    | 26 |
| UNCOVERING AMERICA'S SHAPELIEST<br>WHITE COLLAR GIRLS | Glamor Special        | 32 |
| ALWAYS IN STEP  | Personality Exclusive | 49 |

### HUMOR

|                       |                 |    |
|-----------------------|-----------------|----|
| THE UGLY ALL-AMERICAN | Ed Stacy        | 4  |
| THE VICE OF ADVICE    | Wilson DeVries  | 15 |
| H.M.S. TATTLE TART    | Ted Gottfried   | 38 |
| CANDIED CAMERA        | Cartoon Gallery | 47 |

### SPECIAL

|                             |           |    |
|-----------------------------|-----------|----|
| CONFESSIONS OF A PARTY GIRL | ACE Staff | 23 |
|-----------------------------|-----------|----|

### PICTORIAL

|                                  |                    |    |
|----------------------------------|--------------------|----|
| KEEPING THE DOCTOR AWAY          | Full Color Closeup | 40 |
| PRO FOOTBALL'S HOMECOMING QUEENS | Gallery of Glamor  | 55 |

### DEPARTMENTS

|                  |                           |    |
|------------------|---------------------------|----|
| BACKTALK         | Letters to the Editors    | 6  |
| THE JOKER'S GEMS | Potpourri of Rib-Ticklers | 31 |

COVER PHOTO by Vogel

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# THE <sup>ugly</sup> ALL-AMERICAN

HERMAN HUMPERDINCK heard on the radio the strains of the old song, "Oh, You Gotta Be A Football Hero," as he sat alone in his dormitory room. A feeling of cynicism swept over him, and he stared blankly at the philosophy text in front of him. "This double-dome stuff about truth being eternal is a lot of crap," he thought. "Look at me. Herman Humperdinck. All-American—and I can't even make it with the ugliest chick on campus! Me, Herman Humperdinck, who has to spend part of the stipend they give me for playing football on some whore downtown, whenever I feel a need for cutting loose."

Herman certainly had a need that night, only he didn't have anymore money left for the rest of the month. It was Saturday night, too, and that afternoon, Herman had scored five touchdowns in leading his school to a 35-0 victory. The other students were out celebrating—at parties and dances on the campus—but not Herman, nor Bill Gilligan nor Red Stevens, the other men attending college on football scholarships. Bill and Red were downtown with the whores and Herman was left alone in his room.

With considerable justification, Herman was bitter. After all, he didn't graduate from high school until he was twenty years old, having flunked two years along the way. That was on his record, as plain as the smashed-in nose on his face. In fact everything about Herman was clear and obvious. Therefore, he reasoned, the men sent by the alumni to recruit him for their football team should have been on the level with him, which they weren't.

Herman, who stood six-five and weighed a trim 245 pounds, had been on the high-school All-America. He could run, pass and kick almost as well as any collegiate star, and quite naturally a number of top schools were interested in him.

What finally induced him to enroll at State was not just the fact that the alumni had offered him full tuition, complete allowance for books, clothes, room and board, plus a brand-new car and \$150-a-month pocket money. No, those fellows from the alumni really did a snow job on him. First, they gave him the buildup. They'd never seen a performer like Herman; he'd surely make the Hall Of Fame, and at State he'd get recognition, because he'd be playing against the top competition. He liked hearing this, mainly since he believed

them. Then they gave him that old razzmatazz about what it's like to be a football hero—a big man on campus, with all the girls just dying to give their all for him. Being a mature 20, it made Herman's mouth water, simply waiting till autumn rolled around.

When the first semester began, Herman got the setback of his life. There was nothing wrong about the football side of college; he was star of the freshman team. But the girls treated him as though they felt he belonged in a zoo.

"Oh you're the guy the school hired for its football team," one voluptuous coed sniffed. "I could like you if you actually were a student," giggled another. The remark that cut him most deeply was, "What are you going to do with your degree in physical education, teach weight lifting?"

The male students were only slightly more friendly. They were agreeable on campus, but when it came to receiving offers to join a fraternity, Herman registered a big zero. One can imagine how it shook Herman up to overhear accidentally several fraternity men discussing him. "What are we going to do with a professional football player as a brother—use him as a handyman?"

Herman wasn't surprised when he flunked English composition, history and biology, or when he got A's in physical education and freshman football. In the summer, he made up enough of his failed courses to remain eligible for the team in his sophomore year. In his junior year he had made All-America. What did surprise him, however, was the fact that the more famous he became on the gridiron, the more of a pariah he was on campus. At State, these kids really took the high-brow stuff seriously.

Thus Herman sat in his room, friendless and unhappy. However, since his senior year began, he had begun to get visits from several of the pro football scouts—the *real* pros. Herman would have loved to quit college right away to accept one of the offers, but that would make the professional team guilty of tampering. Next year, though, he would be a pro—and the money would be terrific. Yet, there was one thing the scout told him that made him perk up. The girls that go after pro football players would knock your eyes out. They'll do anything for a grid star. Thus, Herman sat in his room, a little happier, with his mouth watering.

***At colleges that foot the bill for football players, the man who wins on the field often loses out with the coeds. / SATIRE BY ED STACY***



Albert Dorne



Norman Rockwell



Al Parker



Jon Whitcomb



Austin Briggs



Ben Stahl



Fred Ludekens



Robert Fawcett



Harold Von Schmidt



George Giusti



Peter Helok



Stevan Dohanos

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Herb Smith was a payroll clerk. Soon after he started studying with us, he landed an art job with a large printing firm. This was four year ago; today he's head artist for the same firm.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled with us. Now a swank New York gallery sells her paintings.

### **Father of Three Starts New Career**

Stanley Bowen had three children to support and was trapped in a "no-future" job. By studying with us, at home in his spare time, he landed a good job as an advertising artist and has a wonderful future ahead.

Edward Cathony worked as an electrical tester, knew nothing about art except that he liked to draw. Two

years after enrolling with us, he became Art and Production Manager for a growing advertising agency.

With our training, Wanda Pickulski was able to give up her typing job and become the fashion artist for a local department store.

### **Earns Seven Times as Much**

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied nights with us. Today, he is a successful advertising illustrator, earns seven times as much and is having a new home built for his family.

Reta Page of Payson, Utah, writes: "Thanks to your course, I've sold more than 60 paintings at up to \$100 each."

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### **MORE ON FOLK SINGERS**

Dear ACE:

Lucius Dawes' article in your July issue, "The Battle of the Folk Singers," really doesn't do justice to the biggest craze on the American musical scene today. When he describes the battle in sexual terms—as between the advocates of earthier expression and those who strive for a more artistically refined performance, he is actually confusing things.

It is important to note that today's folk singers have been adopted primarily by college students who, like the rest of us, have varying sexual appetites. The fact that collegiates are virtually uniformly attracted to this revival of an old musical form has deep roots. Folk singing is a way of telling a story or expressing an opinion. It permits certain unpopular concepts to be expressed, because it is musical. Thus, folk singing *does* fulfill a need today—for those who yearn to speak freely and who otherwise would be afraid to do so.

Clement D. Reddick  
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

### **WHY BEAT BEATNIKS?**

Dear ACE:

What are you trying to pull off—with that article by John Armstrong, "How JFK Killed the Beatniks" (November issue)? Whoever said the Beats were dead? You mention Brother Antoninus. Is he the last word?

Just walk through any big city—New York, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles or San Francisco, and you'll still see them, men and women, sitting in coffee houses, reading poetry and discussing the mixed-up state of things. Brother Antoninus may be "dead," Norman Mailer may be "dead," but the movement goes on forever.

Ron Mueller  
Oakland, Calif.

Dear ACE:

As long as there are young people who will protest, who believe in a

better world to be had today and not in some tomorrow, you will always have beatniks. Unlike the bohemians of an earlier day, the beats don't have to make a lot of noise; they're not opportunists waiting for that call from Hollywood or television. There may be fewer of them today than five years ago, but they're still around.

Sid Cottier  
Santa Barbara, Calif.

### **PASSION FANCY**

Dear ACE:

It might seem strange for me to chide you on your article in the November issue, titled "Passion Peddlers of Cafe Society," but I'd like to make my point. In the first place, why do you knock these playful guys and gals the way everyone else does? The after-hours escapades of individuals, seeking an escape from the boredom of everyday living deserves a more just treatment. These people aren't out to hurt others. So why not either leave them alone, or give the rest of us some insight into what *really* makes them tick.

If you really want to do an expose, I'd suggest that you take on the various members of the syndicate—murderers and thieves.

F. W. Gilchrist  
Kankakee, Ill.

### **FOR THE BIRDS?**

Dear ACE:

What kind of nonsense is this guy Sidney Croft giving? His article, "The Truth About Those Bird Watching Chicks," sounded like a pipe dream. I've practiced the hobby of bird watching for over ten years, and I never once found the girls who took to this sport as being overly attracted to me. I once tried, as Croft did, to take a non-bird watching chick out to the woods with me, and you never saw a more bored girl.

Phil Williston  
London, Ont., Canada

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Yvette Bell

Fashion Coordinator



Latin America is the biggest trouble spot for U.S., which relies heavily on information supplied by female agents.

*(Editor's note: The author is a former C.I.A. agent. His name and those of the other agents mentioned below have been changed to preserve the anonymity that's vital to the work of the C.I.A.)*

**A**S ANY GOOD C.I.A. AGENT can tell you, coming events cast their shadows earlier—and the grim events that are coming up in Latin America cast their shadows several years before. For example, the sweaty little hotbox called Guatemala is ripe for Communism right now—and a lot of people seem surprised. They shouldn't be.

Back in 1956, I saw the shadow fall. That's the year Castillo Armas, Guatemala's liberator and president, was assassinated by one of his own guardsmen; it happened less than two years after Armas led a small army of refugees into Guatemala and overthrew Jacobo Arbenz' Red-tinted government. How Castillo got his aorta plugged with a Commie bullet is one of the strangest stories ever to come out of Central America. It's also a romance, believe it or not—and it shows, maybe even more so than *Cleopatra*, how the course of history may be determined by the turn of a card, the temperature



# THOSE HUSH-HUSH

**There are many girls who give more than once for their country — with no regrets.**

of a kiss, or the wiggle of a feminine backside.

I was a part of the story. I'll tell it just as it unfolded for me, starting in June, 1954, at the height of the Guatemala revolt.

The news center for the war was Tegucigalpa, capital of Honduras, Guatemala's southern neighbor and the place where Armas raised and trained his army. I was there at the invitation of Wilfrid Lethbridge, an old O.S.S. buddy from World War II days. A soldier-of-fortune type, Wilf had joined up with Armas' gang and was serving in some sort of intelligence capacity. "There probably won't be much of a war here," his letter had read, "but you'll get a good story." At the time he wrote the letter—a week before the invasion—he didn't know just *how* good a story I'd get, or that he was to be the hero.

When I reached the Hotel Prado in Tegucigalpa, Wilf was out of town. Later, he told me the details of his trip. It's actually the beginning of the story:

Through the grapevine from Mexico, Wilf had learned of a plot to assassinate Castillo Armas before he reached Guatemala City. According to his informants, the assassin would be on a certain TACA Constellation leaving Mexico City for Tegucigalpa. No description was available—just the facts. So Lethbridge flew to Mexico City in a chartered plane, landing just in time to get on the airline flight containing the assassin.

Since there's a scarcity of tourists when revolutions are going on, there was only one other passenger on the plane beside Wilf. And since the five-man crew of the *Connie* had been checked out positive, Wilf knew that his fellow passenger was the assassin. She had to be.

A half hour after the flight began, she came up to his seat, eyed him up and down coolly, and asked him for a light. As he lit her cigarette, she stumbled over a cloud and fell (Cont. on p. 62)



The closest way to a man's heart may be via his stomach, but femme spies know even a better way to get his secrets.

# SIRENS OF THE C.I.A.

by Franklin Deems

# LOVE IS A SIX-LETTER WORD

BY  
HARRY GREGORY

"LOVE is a six-letter word," mused Julia.

"Enamor," said Roger, without looking up.

"E-n-a-m-o-r." Julia spelled it out on her fingers. "It fits, but are you sure it's right?"

"Why not try it and see?"

"I don't like to put it in unless I'm sure."

Roger put down his paper and looked at her with fond exasperation. "Darling, you're truly fantastic. Talk about tenacity! This is Wednesday and you're still nibbling your nails over the *Sunday Times* crossword puzzle. Why not just face the fact that you can't do it and chuck it in the wastebasket?"

"Because I'm obsessive about it, that's why," she said calmly. "It's really symptomatic. A neurotic manifestation of my scrambled subconscious which, after all, is why I'm here." She waved her hand slightly to take in the psychoanalyst's waiting room where they were seated.

"You're not the only one with an obsession." Roger's eyes traveled the length of her superb figure and he licked his lips with comic exaggeration.

"Lecher." Her hand automatically went to her blonde curls, half hiding the blush his look had prompted.

"Perfectly normal desire," he assured her. "Desire. D-e-s-i-r-e. Which, incidentally, is another six-letter word for love."

She glanced quickly down at the crossword puzzle. "It won't fit." Then— "Are you trying to tell me something?"

"That I love you—and desire you. Just a reminder that tonight's the night."

"Do you think I could forget?"

"My ego wouldn't let me think that."

"I love you too, darling. And I

(Cont. on p. 48)

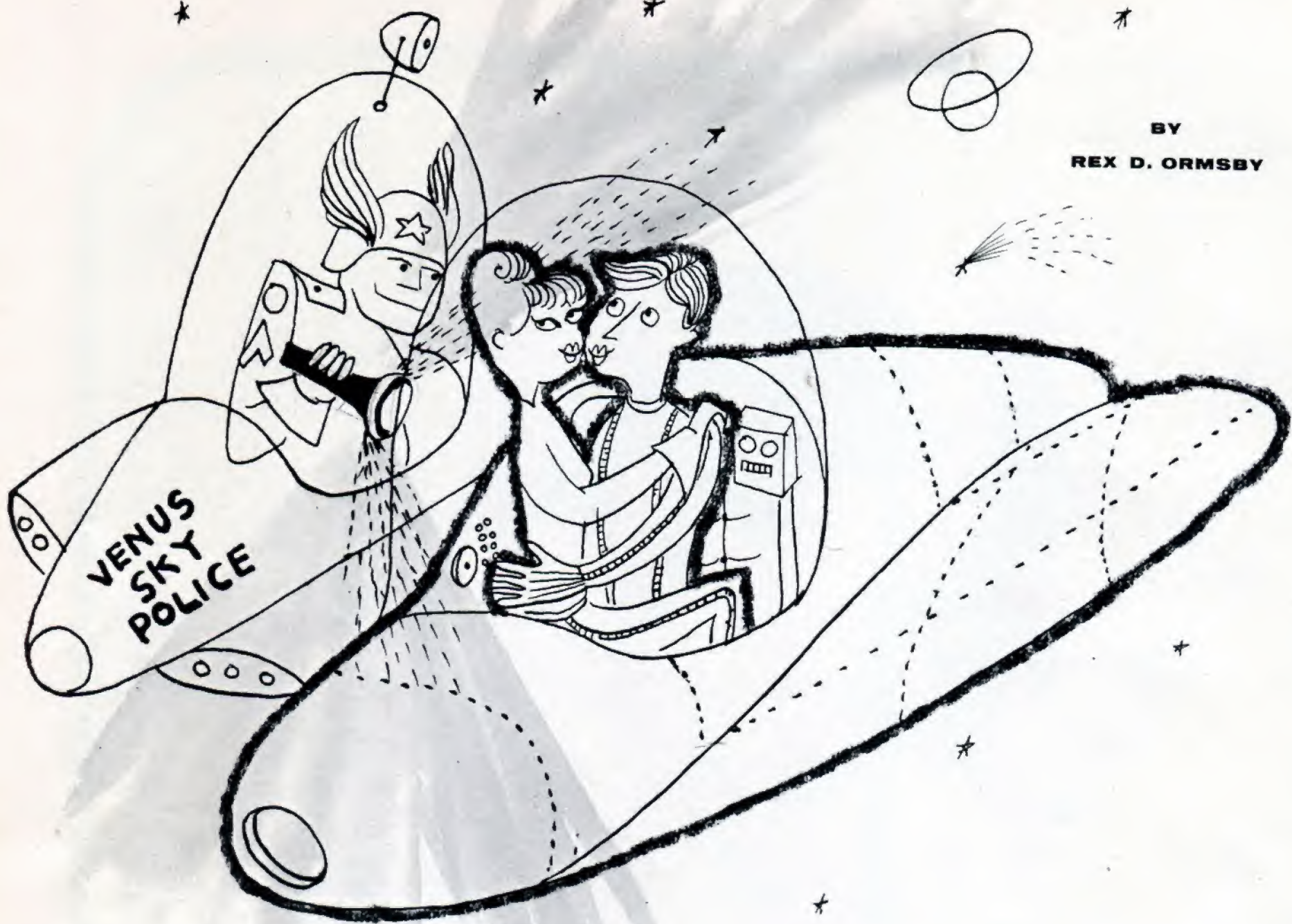


FICTION

*The games of sex always*



*fascinate, no matter how they may be played—even by using words.*



BY  
REX D. ORMSBY

# THE PROBLEMS OF A

**T**HE YEAR 2,000 will see a whole new area of sexual-sociological problems which are almost upon us—the problems of sex in space. Down through the ages, every new stride that man has made has seen its accompanying sexual repercussion. When cavemen developed the club, practically the first use they put it to was to bop their neighbor over the head and steal his mate. Long before the days of Freud the cannon had established itself in Everyman's dream world as a phallic symbol. Hot on the heels of photography came French post cards, and one of the most immediate results of the invention of

the automobile was the problem of the back seat being used as a bed by teen-age lovers. Yes, as mankind strides forward in the universe, sex-complications invariably multiply. In a future which will find a playboy flitting about the cosmos, further sexual complexities are sure to arise.

For instance, consider the problem of weightlessness. Until now, a Romeo in the throes of passion has doubtless never had to stop and consider just how important gravity is to the release of that passion. But rendezvous of the future, held beyond the pull of the earth's gravity, bode fair to hit new heights of frustration

for unprepared amorous astronauts.

Even a kiss will be difficult to sustain beyond the pucker stage when attempted within a capsule minus the gravitational pull. The most taken-for-granted caresses will be awkward indeed when a playboy's pinch may inadvertently trap innocent flesh in a vise-like clutch and the pink flush of response coloring Milady's delicate skin turns black-and-blue-and-purple instead. In the weightless state, embraces may become strangleholds, changes of sensual position turn into wrestling matches, and the sex act itself may be transformed into an act of mayhem.

But the problem of weightlessness as it affects sex in space becomes academic in the face of the more basic problem of the necessity for cosmic lovers to wear space suits due to atmospheric conditions. Starting with the very beginning of attraction between the sexes, it is to be wondered just how libido-stirring a male might find the most Mansfield-esque figure to be when it's encased in mounds of shapeless asbestos. Such garb is bound to put the best-stacked space siren at a disadvantage.

Esthetics aside, though, the idea of eager lovers finding an asteroid rendezvous with atmosphere and then undressing each other in a frenzy involving wrenches, screwdrivers and pliers seems about as sensual as a deluge of ice water. Foreplay consisting of the petting of foam rubber padding, steel bolts and plastic gewgaws may well call for a revision in the entire concept of the sense of touch. Indeed, the space-suit is so anti-sexually constructed as to be labeled the chastity belt of the future.

There are those, however, who look at this future and don't find it quite so bleak. They envision Earthman landing on some far distant planet and being greeted by hordes of beautiful half-dressed native girls in much the same way that the early discoverers of Tahiti were greeted.

They see Earthman being showered with food and drink and gifts and being initiated into the sexual customs of the planet.

This vision presents Earthman walking the paths of lush forests and every hundred yards or so coming upon an other-worldly Sophia Loren or Liz Taylor, stirring the contents of a cauldron. Finally, he pauses beside one ravishing beauty and asks what she is doing.

"Making a baby," she tells him.

"Making a baby?" he responds incredulously.

"Certainly. Why do you look so surprised? Isn't this how you make babies where you come from?" she says while she continues stirring.

"Well, no," he admits.

"How do you make babies?" She's quite curious.

"Come with me, and I'll show you." He leads her off to a deserted part of the woods.

Later, much later, when they emerge, he asks her how she likes the Earthly way of making babies.

"It's very nice," she tells him. "But what about the baby?"

"That'll come in nine months," he replies.

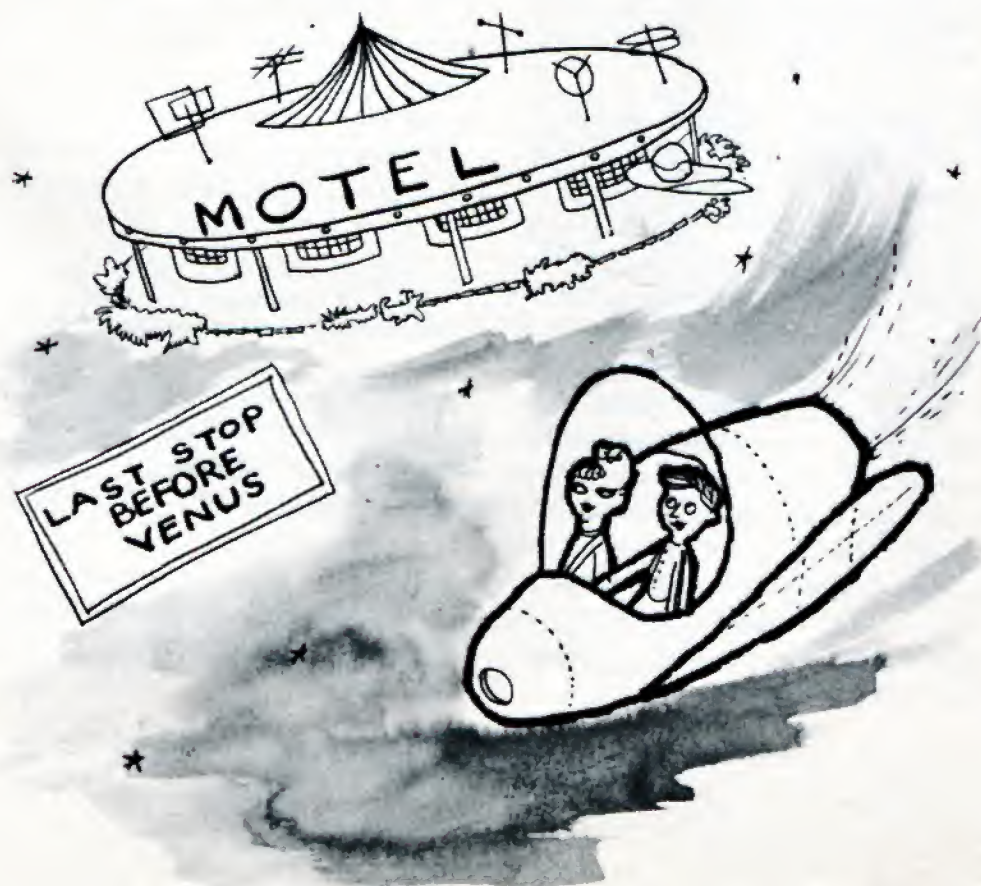
"Nine months!" she exclaims. "We do things much faster here."

Of course the chances of finding a planet with an inhabitability that is

similar to ours is roughly one in a cosmic trillion; the odds of Earth's astronaut playboys dallying with Venusian vamps, Saturnian sirens, or even nubile nymphs from planets beyond our galaxy, are slight. More than likely, their amorous activities will be aimed where they always have been—at Earth woman, a known quantity, a tried-and-true product whose good points have long since been judged to outweigh her defects as a love partner. Oriented in this manner, space-sex will break down into three categories: Rendezvous on the moon, or other asteroids; kanoodling in orbit; and long sojourns, with some outer-space paradise as the intended destination. Problems of space suits and weightlessness aside, each of these opportunities presents complications which may cast a pall over Space Age passion.

Consider the first possibility. Mrs. X and Mr. Y, a couple who are married, but not to each other, decide that at eight p.m. on Wednesday—when Mr. X goes to the Rocket Races with the boys and Mrs. Y's Martian Mah Jong club meets—they'll get together for some adulterous space-cuddling on a predetermined asteroid. An asteroid being a will-o'-the-wisp of space, it may have (Cont. on next page)

# PLAYBOY ASTRONAUT



**When men find their  
beauties out of this  
world they won't  
have as much free  
room as they'd like.**

# THE PROBLEMS OF A PLAYBOY ASTRONAUT

disintegrated into fragments, or capriciously sailed to another part of the universe by the time they arrive, but let's assume that the couple have managed to set down somewhere and start their lovemaking. What then?

For one thing, as with any Lover's Lane, be it celestial, or earthly, Mr. X and Mrs. Y are sure to find that other couples, ranging from high-school neckers to suburban swingers, have also parked their capsules on the asteroid. For another, since rockets aren't apt to change the basic joy-killing proclivities of cops, sooner or later the adulterous pair can expect a flashlight beam shining in their dewy eyes and of hearing the grumbled stricture to "break it up." There's also the chance, of course, that one of the X-Y mates might have become suspicious enough to have the errant party tailed by a private eye, in which case the asteroid would be staked out and the interruption of amour would be ruder than a space cop's carping. Indeed, the already complicated mess of laws relating to divorce and the admissibility of evidence in divorce cases could become a truly unfathomable tangle in the Space Age.

Or perhaps asteroid amours will work differently. Maybe some enterprising motel man will erect pre-fab space platforms where lovers may rendezvous. Yet, one wonders how much luggage will Mr. X and Mrs. Y have to tote in their rocket ships in order to register with no questions asked?

Could be the motel magnate might go for more permanent structures, on the moon, say. Just picture a pair of illicit love-birds gazing out of their crater-cradled cottage and sighing over the "full" Earth shining in the distance. Will they vow eternal adoration on it? Make wishes? Be inspired? Will he tell her how her hair shimmers like gossamer in the Earth-glow, how her skin shines like alabaster in its rays?

Of course, neither adultery, nor asteroids, nor satellites like the moon will necessarily be involved in Space Age sex. Consider the second possibility, that of kanoodling in orbit, a pair of otherwise unentangled young lovers just trying to be alone as lovers have always tried to be alone.

They take off in their capsule, throw it into what they hope will be a lonely orbit, set the controls, and get down to some serious smooching. Of course, it may not be easy to keep their minds on what they're doing what with stray asteroid fragments, comets and other ships whizzing around. Indeed, without an expert knowledge of the space-lanes, they may well find themselves spinning in the jet-wash of the Jupiter-Earth express.

Even if the Space Casanova has successfully struck an orbit off the beaten rocket track, he will have other problems. Some fuel will be used constantly to maintain his orbit and since fuel capacity in small craft will be low, he may well run out of gas for real. Space being a far cry from some back road through the woods, the neckers could find them-



selves in an endlessly orbited clinch — one which they wouldn't dare carry to the ultimate sex act because their ship is designed strictly for two!

More spaciouly designed, and family-increase oriented, will be the craft slated for travel to the far reaches of outer space. Such journeys will undoubtedly attract lovers of a more licit inclination, honeymooners and the like. Where our second example merely involved sex two or three times faster than the speed of sound, our third example finds marriage consummated at a rate faster than the speed of light.

Bound for their honeymoon cottage in the suburbs of outer-space, even at this high speed, the newlyweds may well be an old married couple by the time they arrive. With

obstetrical gear as standard equipment for such journeys, one can't help wondering if the early nuptial relationship might not be somewhat inhibited by this reminder of consequences. Taking their minds off that, however, will be the inevitable practical jokes attendant on weddings even in the Space Age.

With a ten-to-twenty-year honeymoon facing them, the passage of time is apt to find them losing their sense of good sportsmanship regarding the old shoes, tin cans, and "JUST MARRIED" sign attached to the tail of their ship. Those tricked-up sheets and half-sawn bed-slats aren't apt to seem so funny as the months go by. And the photo of him looped at his bachelor party with that scantily-clad siren on his lap may not be so easily laughed off after the first year or two.

Where sex itself is concerned, there will be no chance for the wife to run out to buy a new, sexy nightie to keep the husband's interest from flagging. On the other hand, he'll have no opportunity to seek extra-marital fun. Fidelity on both their parts will be insured, but the monotony of routinized sex may well be the price paid.

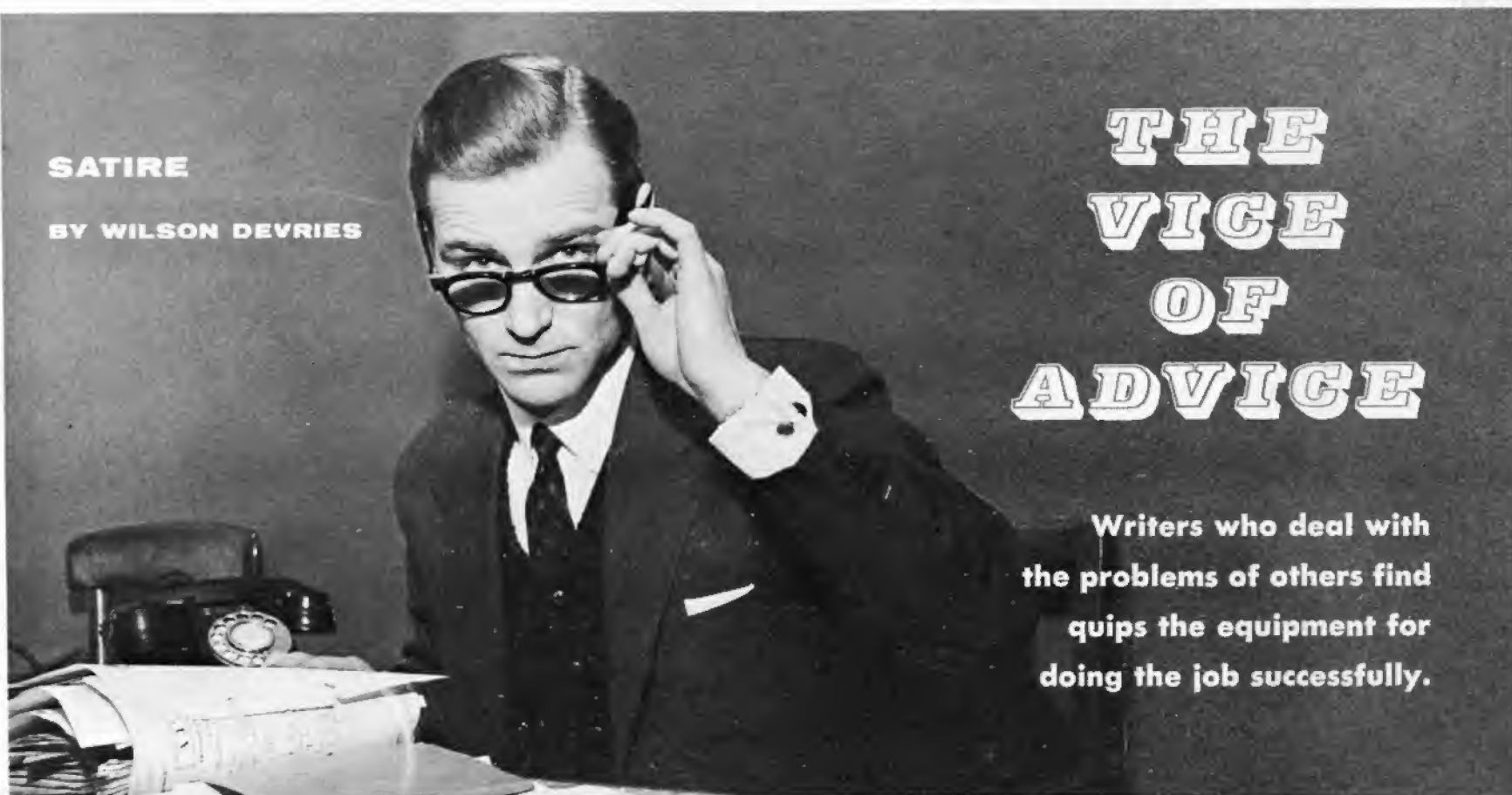
Speaking of prices, inevitably the sex-for-sale profession will extend its activities to space. Streetwalkers will become spaceway idlers, bed-hoppers will become asteroid-jumpers, call girls will put their own Telstar answering service into orbit and certain asteroid clusters will shine with a red-light glow and be marked off-limits to space servicemen. The space-cops will be paid off, airtight, glassene huts will feature play-for-pay girls posturing seductively to lure butter-and-egg men out to paint Saturn red, and procurers will intercept passing spacemen with provocative invitations to "meet the hottest numbers at the best house in the cosmos."

Inevitably, there will be an international scandal involving a stellar official, a high society procurer and a Lunar call girl. The call girl, strictly a uranium-digger, will undoubtedly be caught cuddling with a Minister of Earth and an emissary from Mercury at the same time, and the question of security will be raised by both governments. Cabinets will fall and the other play-for-pay-girls will find their activities more

(Cont. on p. 58)

**SATIRE**

**BY WILSON DEVRIES**



# THE VICE OF ADVICE

Writers who deal with  
the problems of others find  
quips the equipment for  
doing the job successfully.

**I** AM a single man who has been living with a girl for the past three years. Lately she has been putting the pressure on me to marry her, but this I don't want to do, because I still like a little variety to spice my life. What should I do?

Befuddled

**Dear Befuddled:** Marry the girl. She'll be your only headache. Then while you still try to sow your oats with sugar and spice and all things nice, the other girls won't be able to say a thing.

\* \* \*

At a cocktail party in our suburban town, I met a well-stacked matron who suggested slyly that we should kanoodle together. I've never been unfaithful to my wife before, but this other woman is giving me a case of the seven-year itch.

Faithful

**Dear Faithful:** As the poet says, "When ah itches, ah scratches."

\* \* \*

I've been going with a woman who is twenty years older than me. I find her irresistible in bed. The only thing that bothers me is what the other people in my neighborhood are saying about us.

Rabbit Ears

**Dear Rabbit Ears:** When the fruit is ripe for plucking, disregard the barnyard clucking.

\* \* \*

I've been married for twenty-five years, but recently my husband fell in love with his secretary. He has offered me a handsome cash settlement, plus alimony if I give him a divorce, but I don't want to do it.

Rejected

**Dear Rejected:** Don't give him his divorce. It's better to have half a husband and *all* his money.

After twenty-five years even the handsomest settlement can't beat an ugly, unfaithful mate.

\* \* \*

I have been going with a man who tells me he is a movie producer. He has also told me that he plans to put me into a picture, but he wants me to go to bed with him first. When I asked him the name of the film he wants me to play in, he won't tell me.

Goldilocks

**Dear Goldilocks:** Make him bare his true intentions before you bare yours.

\* \* \*

I am twelve years old, and I have a problem. All the other boys in my neighborhood are beginning to go with girls. They are also sneaking cigarettes and talking about sex. But I'd much rather spend my money on a chocolate soda than on a girl.

Scout

**Dear Scout:** Don't worry. Keep right on swizzling. Before long, you too will be sizzling.

\* \* \*

My wife is twenty, my mother-in-law is thirty-five and I'm twenty-nine. We all live together. My mother-in-law, who is very attractive, always waits for my wife to go to the store, and then she tells me how much she desires me.

Family Man

**Dear Family Man:** You should count your blessings. How many men have mothers-in-law who are *so* nice?

\* \* \*

I have a lovely wife, two sexy mistresses, all of whom worship me, but I am bored stiff.

Playboy

**Dear Playboy:** Some nuts go hunting for squirrels.



This lass named Cotton, with the silky disposition, is a true sophisticate. Yet, though she puts men's heads in the clouds, she still keeps her feet on the ground.



Almost every night is Cotton-picking time, when luscious Marilyn Cotton...



ponders what she'll wear for her date out. The pondering's always fruitful.

## COTTON PICKING TIME

This irresistible lass has made sure she'd have an ample wardrobe from...



which to select the dress that is suitable for each man who's picked Cotton.



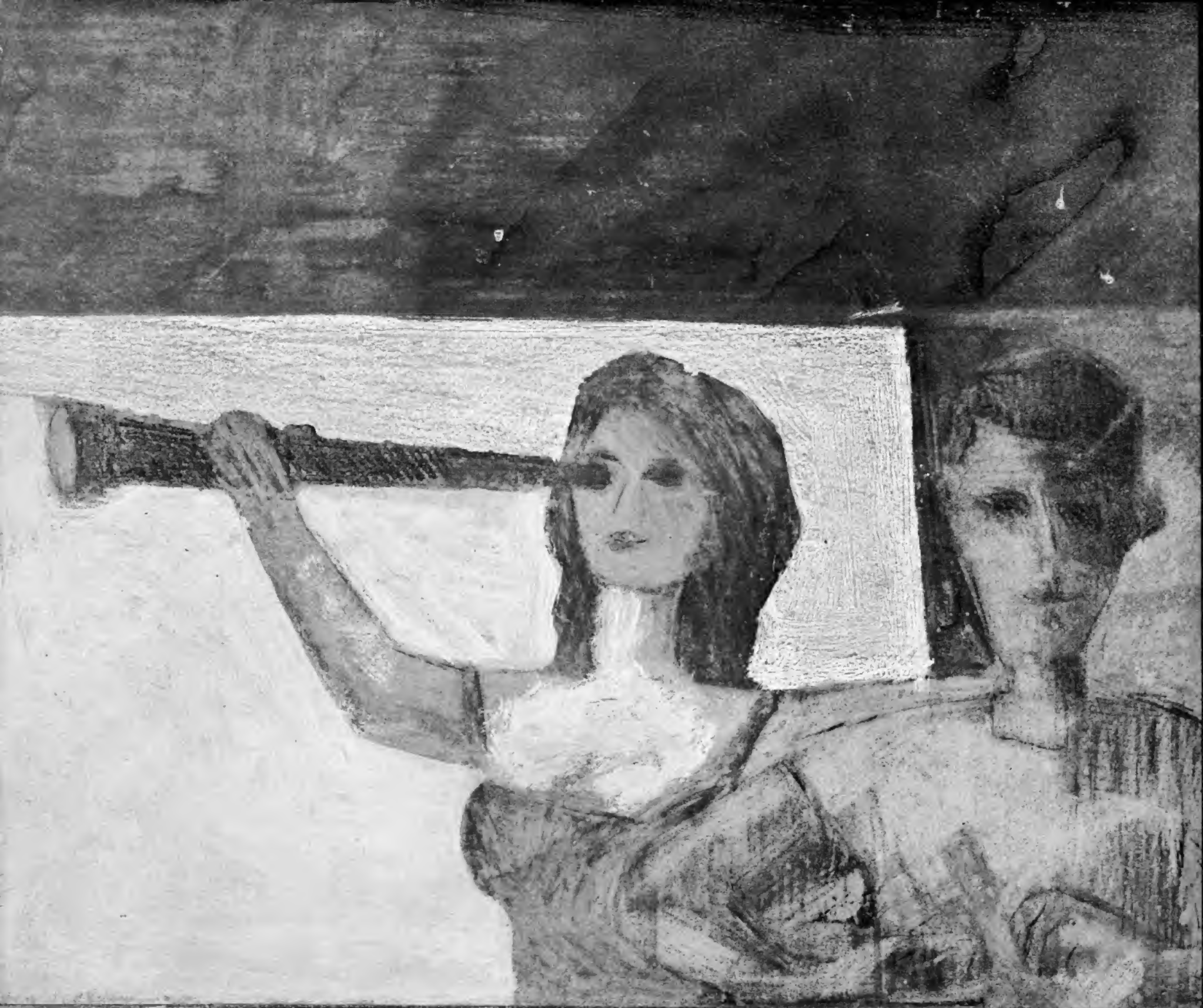


Whether it's a day at the races or a night on the town, dinner at the Stork Club or date to see the movies, Marilyn Cotton is regarded by the lucky men who know her as an ideal companion. Although the eyes have it for this luscious lass, the secret of her popularity is not all that apparent. Behind her amiability is a sharp mind, a quick wit and an intense curiosity. Needless to say, her effect on men is devastating, her allure irresistible.

Marilyn is the kind of girl who likes to be in the know about what's happening around her. She reads the current best-sellers, plays the top records and even can give you the current quotation on General Motors. As a result she can hold a conversation that makes words sound like music to any man. Combine this with the dazzling shape she drapes so well—and you can understand why so many male admirers can't help cottoning up to Cotton.







# *The Tree House*

## To tamper with the raw emotions could be like playing with fire.

"SEX," observed Malcolm Burff, "is making a shambles of this country. It is the cause of all this juvenile delinquency we read about. It could, once the new, untamed generation takes over, even lead to World War III!"

"Yes, father," said Malorie. She said it because she was only fourteen and Malcolm Burff's daughter and because she had been trained to say yes, father, and no, father, upon cue since her mother had died a dozen years ago.

"Yes, father," said Dick, who was fifteen and, as Malcolm Burff's adopted son for most of his life, had learned the proper cues even better than Malorie.

Malcolm tore to shreds the evening paper whose headlines had set him off on his favorite subject—the Sexual Aberrations of the Coming Generation and How He Would Prevent Malorie and Dick from Joining it in Perdition Even if He Had to Sterilize Them Both. Not that he ever put it quite that bluntly; but both of the children had reached that precociously astute—and somewhat frightening—age that knows more, in many ways, than it ever will again. If Malcolm Burff had guessed how well his children knew him, he would have committed Hari Kiri with his Gillette.

But he was as stupid as they were wise, and he said, "Look around you. This house and this property, a hundred acres, are worth a quarter of a million dollars. The business is worth four times as much. When I die, you two, as my only heirs, stand to share the whole shooting match between you—" he leaned forward in his great wing chair that, like the rest of the furniture in the vast parlor, had survived sixty years of Burffs, and fixed his steely blue eyes on those of his children, "—if you behave yourselves!"

If, he meant, they remained pure. If they remained virginal.

"Yes, father," said Malorie and Dick in unison, sitting straight and grim in their chairs. The boy was handsome and strong; Mrs. Burff, four years after she realized that she was to have but one child, had insisted on adopting a companion for Malorie. Malorie had grown into—if she had only known it—one of the most beautiful creatures on earth. Long and lithe of limb, her curves, three years beyond puberty, had reached near-perfection. And of all the things in

(Cont. on next page)

FICTION  
BY  
HAL  
HENNESEY

## THE TREE HOUSE

this world of which Malcolm Burff was aware, he was aware, most of all, of this. But she was his daughter, and because he could not have her and because of the way he had lived his life, he decided that he would deny to all other men this precious thing that could not be his—at least, while he was alive. Thus, protecting Malorie from the world had become an obsession with him. The hundred-acre estate, shielded from the rest of the New England community by a ten-foot brick wall, contained woodlots, fields, pastures, Chinese and rock gardens—the ideal place to bring up a couple of children. A eunuch-like tutor substituted for the public school system; and occasional journeys to the World Outside were rigidly supervised, usually by Malcolm Burff himself.

Each day, he would make it a point to read aloud, to Malorie and Dick, the newspapers' latest accounts of degeneracy outside the walls of the estate. He especially liked the ones that volunteered the more sordid details involving rape and other sex crimes. Since the newspapers generally left too much to the imagination, he had lately taken to reading from the various scandal magazines that littered the newsstands.

Malcolm had considered it a kind of sacred duty to read the *Tropic of Cancer* to his children. "You see?" he thundered, interrupting his reading when halfway through the book, "—this is the way of the wicked world—this is what I intend to save you from!" He resumed reading, his saturnine features shiny with perspiration.

"Yes, father," said Malorie and Dick, shivering slightly, their faces expressionless as they stared straight ahead.

Nevertheless, Malcolm continued to worry. The world outside was an attractive place to young people. He knew that, to keep their interest, he would have to make the estate more and more attractive. The swimming pool helped—and the archery range and numerous other goodies. However, Malcolm knew that the interest would have to be aroused spontane-

ously by the children themselves.

That's why he was happy when they came to him, one day in June, and asked him to build a tree house.

"A *what?*" Malcolm was all ready to be annoyed.

"A tree house," said Malorie, all breathless and bright-eyed. Behind her, Dick nodded eagerly. "You see, we've decided to make something of our lives—so we're going to be bird watchers. There are millions of birds on the estate and they're just going to waste. We want to watch them—take pictures and everything. And the best way to do it is in a tree house!" Malorie pointed through the big picture window to a huge oak tree not far away. "We want to build the house right up there." And Dick added, "We'll call it the Crow's Nest."

Excellent idea, thought Malcolm! Certainly there could be no more harmless hobby than bird watching. More important, the kids had thought of it themselves; they would retain their interest longer.

So, Malcolm Burff built a tree house high in the great oak that dominated the pasture next to his mansion, and when it was built, it was a thing of wonder. It was circular, ten feet across, and furnished like a Swiss chalet, with the oak tree impaling it through the middle. The walls, all screened, could be raised or lowered, depending on the amount of privacy desired, and slit-like windows made for ideal bird watching. Access was gained by means of a Jacobs ladder that could be pulled up after reaching the house, thirty feet up.

The children hung trays of seed and net bags of suet outside the tree house and soon had a tweeting, whistling, croaking, warbling retinue of feathered visitors by the gaggle, covey and flock. It made for a noisier life, especially at sunset; it also made for easier breathing on the part of Malcolm Burff—he was sure of his young wards for another season, at least. Life was good.

To make it better, Malcolm gave Dick his first adolescent "talk" shortly afterward. It was about time, Malcolm figured, although he cate-

gorically disapproved of such things. Oh, well, if it was the thing to do, in order to keep up with the twentieth century—

Only, when Malcolm had set Dick down in a remote corner of the big library and stood hemming and hawing, he realized he had nothing to say. Nothing new, anyway. He had already said it, many times, to both Dick and Malorie. So he made this one an illustrated lecture. He showed, on his home screen, a very private movie taken in a house that was not a home. He hadn't shown the movie to anyone else, ever. Malcolm, however, quite frequently, in the late hours, would have his own late, late show, watching such movies again and again. Now, he and Dick viewed it in silence—the opening scenes that showed two men entering a bawdy house, the proposition and arrangements; and then the final saturnalia involving the men and a half dozen girls.

Malcolm wiped the perspiration from his face before turning the lights on. There, he thought — if that didn't shake the kid, nothing would! "That's a perfect example of the degradation to which sex can lead people," he said. "Remember the bestial looks on their faces, the obvious lack of conscience or morality; remember the unhappiness that no temporary sensual joy can hide! Remember—and avoid sex as you would a plague, for such it is!"

Dick had only one question. In a small voice, and not looking at Malcolm, he asked, "Who took the movie?"

Malcolm drew himself up straight and tall. "I did. I consider it a blow against evil—and I trust it will help make a man of you. A *righteous* man!"

Malcolm stalked grandly from the library. On the terrace, he drew up short. "Hey! Where the hell d'you think you're going?" Malcolm ran across the lawn to the big oak tree. Sheepishly, a young man climbed down from the rope ladder that led to the tree house. He had been halfway up when Malcolm spotted him.

"Sorry," the young man said, with what Malcolm

(Cont. on p. 65)



# CONFESSIONS OF A PARTY GIRL

Here it is—the  
torrid lowdown on  
those lasses who  
make a business of  
mixing in with  
the horseplay of  
businessmen on the  
loose—straight  
from a well-played  
filly's mouth.



See next page



Just give an out-of-town businessman a few drinks and he finds himself ready for fun and games. Party girls make themselves available to keep festivities at lively pace.

## At conventions old buddies get

*(Ed. Note: The following is a tape-recorded interview arranged by ACE to reveal the inside story of one of the most active sin groups in America today—the convention party girls. The session was conducted the day after the end of a wild convention held by a group of companies in a major American industry. Present were the ACE interviewer, a party girl, and a “hostess” who supplies girls for convention parties, but firmly insists that she is in no way a madam. Both had agreed to cooperate with ACE, providing actual names, dates and places were withheld. This tape is uncensored and un-edited.)*

**ACE:** How does a girl get to be a convention party girl? How are such girls recruited?

**HOSTESS:** They are not recruited!

**PARTY GIRL:** They're not lured into the business. There's no white slavery jazz, or anything like that. Most girls just sort of drift into it one way, or another. It's different for each of them. All I can really say is how I got into it.

**ACE:** Would you tell us about that, please?

**PARTY GIRL:** Well, I was always the kind of swinger who liked fun and excitement. When I left school and took a job as a salesgirl, I got friendly with other girls like myself. I began going to a lot of parties. One night, one of them asked me to go to this local lodge convention. I went, and it was a ball. I mean, they really swung. I had a good time, but the big surprise came when I was leaving, and the head man slipped me twenty bucks. Later, the girl I'd gone with explained to me that this was usual. It was like a revelation. It was the first time I'd ever been paid for having a good time. When she asked me to go to another one with her—a small-time sales convention this time—I gladly said yes. After that, I began making the convention scene as a regular thing. Once I was in, I began travelling around to make the really big ones.

**ACE:** How old were you when you started?

**PARTY GIRL:** Well, that was three years ago, so I was just 18.

**ACE:** And you're 21 now?

**PARTY GIRL:** That's right.

**ACE:** Just exactly what are your duties at con-



It's not unusual to spot a conventioneer missing the afternoon meetings for a romp by the hotel pool. Many girls will forget the pay if they enjoy the play sufficiently.



## together with new playmates.

ventions and similar affairs?

HOSTESS: The girls just help the boys whoop it up.

PARTY GIRL: That's about it.

HOSTESS: It's all in the spirit of fun.

ACE: How far does the fun go? Do the girls have sex relations with the men at these conventions?

HOSTESS: Well now, that's strictly a matter of personal taste; strictly between the individual girl and man involved.

ACE: Isn't it a fact that sex is one of the main things that they're there for? Isn't sex what you mean by fun?

HOSTESS: You know anything that's more fun?

ACE: Nope! But why beat around the bush? Isn't this really a form of prostitution? Aren't these girls really call girls?

PARTY GIRL: Watch who you're calling names!

ACE: Isn't it a fact that they go to bed with men for money?

HOSTESS: That's not strictly true.

PARTY GIRL: If you'll get off your high horse for a minute, I'd like to explain how I look at it. First of all, what's wrong with money? Personally, I'm very fond of it. You know anybody who isn't, yourself included?

ACE: No.

PARTY GIRL: So okay. If some John hands me a twenty, or a fifty because he had a good time and I had a good time, what's wrong with that? Honestly, I enjoy most of these conventions as much as the guys who go to them. I've met some awfully nice guys; usually they're in a happy, party mood; and generally they're pretty open-handed with the loot. But get one thing straight. It isn't all sex by a long shot. Many a guy just wants a pretty girl to talk to, or to dance with, or to impress the rest of the boys, or liven up a dinner with a customer, or something like that. Sure, I go to bed with some of them. But I can truthfully say I never made it with a man I didn't want to make it with. That's the difference between girls like me and prostitutes.

ACE: Isn't that splitting hairs? Essentially, what you're doing is just as immoral.

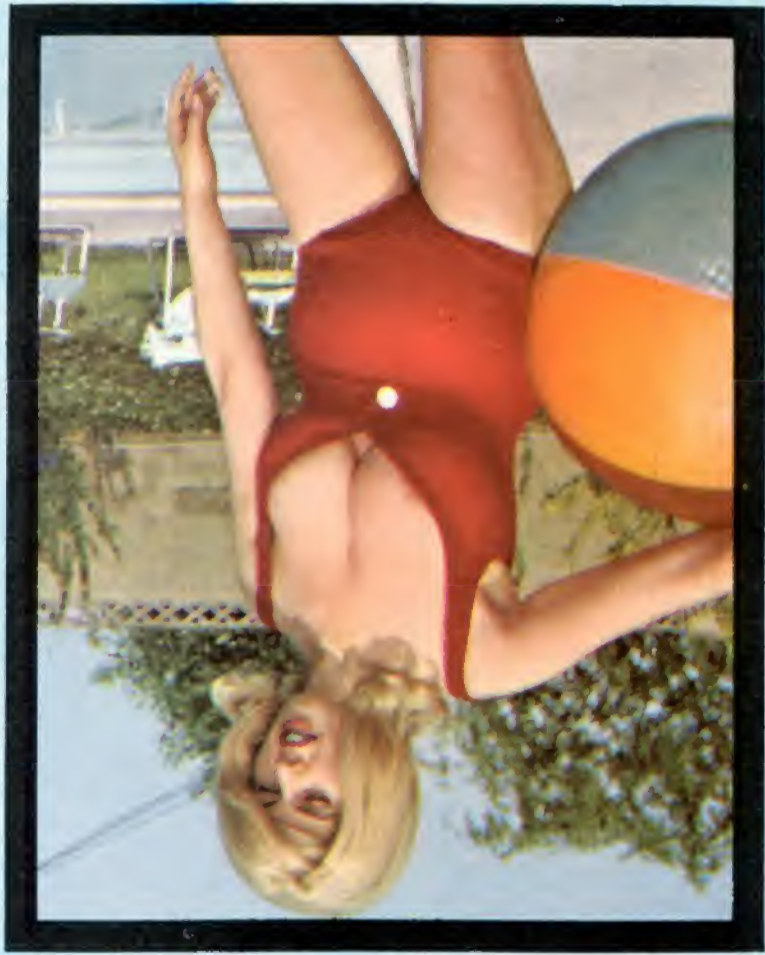
HOSTESS: It's been my ex- (Cont. on p. 74)



In the evening the frolicking which begins in the ball-room is tame, compared to what goes on later in the hotel rooms. The ball is never over for businessmen on the town.

# getting along swimmingly...

*Soothsayers see a big acting future in front of Lisa Mathews, the girl on this issue's cover. She is so likeable, anything said of her can't help but be soothing.*



*Lisa hails from Shaker Heights, Ohio, where she acquired her preference for swimming in pools than in nearby Lake Erie.*

*When this good-natured lass arrived in the movie capital it didn't take long for folks to develop a preference for her.*





After starring in little theatre productions around Cleveland, Lisa became tired of being a "big fish in a small pond." Experts say she has all the ability she needs to put the motion into motion pictures.



*Giuseppina Grassini was the top soprano of her day—and when milady wasn't trilling, one could find her thrilling the two most exciting "spear carriers" of the period.*

# THE BEAUTY WHO ROMPED WITH WELLINGTON AND

IN JUNE of 1815 all Europe hung breathlessly on the outcome of the Battle of Waterloo. There were no fence-sitters on the continent; each man and woman's lot was cast with either Napoleon or Wellington, for French greatness and European unity, or for national self-determination and an end to military conquest. No one could afford to stay aloof from the battle, for its resolution would bring rewards, or suffering to all, depending on which side they had taken.

With one exception!

The exception was a beautiful, slender, dark-haired, full-bosomed lady who, at the very moment that the battle was joined, was stretching cat-like under an ornate boudoir canopy in a Paris man-

sion, debating with herself whether to ring for breakfast, or to bathe first. Her appetite won out, and when her breakfast tray was brought, there was a bulletin alongside the plate of *brioche*s, informing her that Napoleon and Wellington were met in mortal combat. She smiled to herself — surely the only one in all Paris to greet the news with a smile—and trilled a scale ending with a true, pure and sweet note worthy of a mockingbird.

There may have been more than a hint of mockery in the note. Europe may have agreed that the battle was being waged for a determination of military, political and economic supremacy, but to the beauty sipping her coffee, it was



# NAPOLEON

merely a way of determining which of two famous heads would lie beside hers on the lacy pillow of her bed. To her, Napoleon and Wellington were simply two naughty boys fighting over candy that had been tasted and then taken away by circumstance. And she was the candy.

Her name was Giuseppina Grassini. She was the prima soprano of the famous La Scala Opera in Milan. For the past few years she had been commuting between La Scala and the Paris Opera House, where critics had acclaimed her as "the finest soprano heard in France since before the Revolution." The Parisian public adored her. And when it became common gossip that she had been the mistress of both the Emperor Napoleon and

his arch-enemy, the Duke of Wellington, the public merely winked and smiled and admired her all the more.

Such admiration was nothing new to Giuseppina. She had known it from childhood when she used to sing solos in the church choir of her native village of Castanza, Italy. It was here, when she was fourteen years old, that an official of La Scala heard her and arranged with her parents to have her come to Milan for further training under the auspices of the opera company. Four years later she made her debut and La Scala had a new star.

That star was shining even more brightly in 1797 when Giuseppina first met Napoleon Bonaparte. She was just 24 years old when the "Liberator" of Italy arrived in Milan for a breather between military campaigns. It was a well-earned breather, for Rome had just ceded the provinces of Bologna, Ferrara and Romagna to his rule. The city of Milan greeted him as a popular hero.

And what great tribute could the city fathers pay him than to arrange to have Mme. Grassini serenade him at the castle of Montebello he had taken over as his quarters? When the concert was over Napoleon signaled his staff to leave him alone with the beautiful young singer. Only his adjutant, M. Berthier, remained to record an account of the interview in his diary.

"The General complimented Mme. Grassini on her singing," wrote Berthier, "and then poured some champagne for himself and her. He handed her the glass and a few drops spilled into the cleft of the rather low-cut bodice she was wearing. With an apology for his clumsiness, he dabbed at the liquid with a lace handkerchief, expressing concern over the possibility that her dress might be stained beyond repair. Mme. Grassini assured him that it was a matter of no consequence and then reassured him of this by grasping his hand between hers and pressing it to the uncovered portion of her bosom. Napoleon looked at her for a long moment and then, without moving either his eyes or his hand, he said: 'You may leave us now, Berthier.' I obeyed and went straight to my quarters and to sleep. Towards dawn I was awakened by a servant with a message from Napoleon bidding me see (Cont. on next page)

## THE BEAUTY WHO ROMPED WITH WELLINGTON AND NAPOLEON

Mme. Grassini to her home. We traveled in a closed carriage and made casual conversation, but I could not help but notice that she wore a different frock from the one which had been stained."

The "different frock," undoubtedly, came from the wardrobe which Napoleon carried with him for use by the two mistresses who had accompanied him throughout the Italian campaign. A French girl and a Spanish girl, both had been sharing his bed regularly, and, from documented reports, often at the same time. Also during this period he was carrying on a love affair by mail with his bride, Josephine Beauharnais, the infamous French courtesan whose marriage to him the year before had almost wrecked his career before it started. Three amorous involvements might have seemed enough for an ordinary man, but history tells us that Napoleon was no ordinary man.

He was as aggressive in his sex life as in his military campaigns. Involvements didn't frighten him. He remained involved for as long as he pleased and then became disengaged with determined finality whenever he chose. And that's how his initial affair with Giuseppina went.

His aides report her presence in the castle and in his boudoir on many occasions following that first one. Then, abruptly, she was seen no more on the premises. At the same time, his French mistress and his Spanish mistress were sent packing to their respective homes. Behind these events lay the imminent arrival of Josephine herself at Montebello.

It was after she got there that Napoleon made certain arrangements involving his former operatic bedmate which might be construed as adding insult to injury. Writing of this interlude with Josephine, his biographer Emil Ludwig describes it this way: "Occasionally he steals time for a brief love festival. They drive across to Lake Maggiore; and when among the rhododendron bushes beneath the baroque stone edifices on Isola Bella, Grassini, the heroine of La Scala, uplifts her thrilling voice and sings an appassionata by Monteverde, Napoleon sits wrapped in thought, his companion's hand clasped in his own."

What Giuseppina's thoughts may have been as she warbled 'mongst the rhododendrons for the entertainment of her former lover and his wife may

only be guessed at. Whatever they were, they must have been even stronger as she watched them drive away, locked in a clinch which another adjutant of Napoleon described thusly: "In the carriage he would take marital liberties which were apt to be rather embarrassing to Berthier and me." And how much more embarrassing to his watching mistress!

The embarrassment of the serenades was brought to an end when Napoleon, without even bothering to bid her farewell, left Milan with Josephine. It was three years before Giuseppina saw him again and the interim changed her from a hero-worshipping girl to a sophisticated and calculating woman. Their second meeting took place when Napoleon returned to Milan in 1800, after his victory at Marengo had solidified his position as Consul General of France.

He went to La Scala to hear her sing and after the performance he called on her in her dressing room. Following a preliminary conversation, he signalled an aide to bring some champagne and then leave him alone with the opera star. What followed was described by Giuseppina in a letter to a friend with whom she had taken her training at La Scala.

"I bade the General let me pour the wine, reminding him of his carelessness upon our first meeting.

"He laughed, then looked at me in his compelling way and commented that if he remembered aright, the results of that mishap had been quite enjoyable.

"'Evidently not so enjoyable as to make your greatness tarry,' I told him.

"My coquetry obviously amused him. 'Alas, one of my more regrettable mistakes,' he said.

"'It may be rectified,' I murmured.

"'Like this?' He embraced me.

"I must tell you, Gina, that he is not like other men. There, in that grimy dressing room backstage at La Scala, I was surely made love to by a god from Olympus. No mere man bore me to the floor and tossed my skirts up to the heights of passion. As it had been three years past, the experience was overwhelming. I do not speak of love, mind you, only ecstasy.

"It was all I could do to regain my wits when it was over. Somehow I managed. 'And now you will desert me again?' I asked him.

"'I must return to Paris,' he answered. 'But then why should you not come with me?'

"And so I have, Gina. I sing now in

the Paris Opera House, and Napoleon visits me frequently. I have been well-received by critics and audiences. There is talk that my lover may soon be crowned Emperor! But were he a chimney-sweep, my thighs would still grow warm and weak at the remembrance of his embraces."

Alas, following Napoleon's coronation four years later, Giuseppina was left almost wholly dependent upon such 'remembrances.' His career of conquest was fully launched, and his visits to Paris became infrequent. She went back to Milan, only returning to Paris to meet him occasionally.

Meanwhile, he gave the Italian beauty much cause for bitterness—bitterness which, in fairness, was undoubtedly assuaged by the generous gifts of jewels and furs he periodically showered upon her. In the wake of his military conquests, news of one amour after another reached Giuseppina. There was the Viennese Countess who sneaked past the barricades to share his tent while he laid siege to the city. There was the Netherlands wench who shared his rooms at the coronation of his brother Louis as King of Holland and got him in dutch with Josephine. There was even another Italian girl in Naples and in an interlude he spent there in 1808 he split his time between her and Giuseppina. And finally in 1810, he divorced the barren Josephine to marry the Princess Marie Louise of Austria, and temporarily ended his liaison with Giuseppina.

But he didn't end his amorous career. Far from it. He was off for Russia, and en route he became deeply involved with a Polish Countess and, later, during the 1812 retreat, he still managed to have casual affairs with the wife of a German diplomat and the daughter of a Polish general who had defected to his cause. Europe buzzed almost as much about his amatory exploits as about his recent disastrous military ventures.

At this time, however, where amours were concerned, the French conqueror was sharing the spotlight with an enemy. The Duke of Wellington—an Irishman who'd made his career in the English army in much the same manner that Napoleon, a Corsican, had succeeded in the French army—was cutting both a romantic and military swath through Europe to rival Napoleon's.

The amatory aspects of Wellington's career had first attracted attention in 1807, when Napoleon was still

(Cont. on page 60)



# THE JOKER'S GEMS

Harry was looking glum when his pal Joe found him in the bar.

"What's the matter?" Joe asked. "You having trouble at home?"

"That's only the half of it," replied the downcast man. "Not only that but my mistress has been on my back lately. First my wife tells me she wants this, then she wants that. Then my mistress tells me she wants this and she wants that. I'll bet I'm the only man in town who's getting stereophonic nagging."

\* \* \*

There's a rumor going around Hollywood that they're planning to remake *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* and call it *I Was The Eighth Man In Her Life*.

\* \* \*

A very wealthy and very shapely brunette called at the hospital to visit her ailing chauffeur. The nurse who was reluctant to let the heiress

into the patient's room said, "He's very sick. We're going to have to limit visits. Are you his wife?"

"Better than that," replied the heiress. "I'm his mistress."

\* \* \*

Two matrons, both hefty battle axes, stood before a bookstore, looking at a volume, titled *How to Drive Your Husband to An Early Grave*.

"Heavens!" exclaimed one to the other. "Such a book I wouldn't want to read. I have a system of my own."

\* \* \*

One of Hollywood's more famous actors had a penchant for making his wife jealous. He would try to do this in many ways, some subtle.

The morning following a wild party, he was up to his old tricks. "Tell me, dear," he asked, "was that you I kissed on the patio?"

His wife, her dander up, replied, "About what time, dear?"

An American tourist on the loose in Paris decided to prowl the streets of the Left Bank. After walking for almost an hour, he noticed a shapely lass giving him the eye. He said to her, "Parlez vous Francais?"

"No," she replied, "I'm afraid I don't speak French."

"I'm sorry," he told her. "If I don't find a girl who speaks French, what can we talk about after we make love?"

\* \* \*

At a cocktail party, one of Hollywood's most oft-wedded stars ran into a voluptuous damsel who greeted him, "Darling, it's so good to see you again."

He did a double-take and stared blankly. "Don't you remember me?" she asked. "Ten years ago you asked me to marry you."

"And did I?" he replied.

\* \* \*

A married man, enjoying a night away from the wife, met a delectable blonde whom he wined and dined for the evening. When it was time for him to drive her home, he found it snowing heavily. They drove a couple of miles and discovered the frost was overly thick on the windshield.

The blonde tactfully made a suggestion: "Don't you think it might help if we stopped and cleaned the windshield?"

"What's the use?" replied the unhappy man on the town. "I left my glasses at home."



"Dammit, man! Don't you know any jokes for mixed company?"

UNCOVERING  
AMERICA'S  
SHAPELIEST  
WHITE COLLAR  
GIRLS!

ACE's nation-wide  
survey of lasses who  
cheer up a 9-to-5  
day reveals they  
have even more to  
offer after hours.



**A**

Nancy Acker. Receptionist for  
a Detroit bottling company.  
Not only has the shape but is  
sweet and has effervescence.

**B**  
Ann Bergen. Legal secretary,  
Houston. At home she makes  
a solid case for dressing an  
eye-filling beauty in briefs.



**N**  
*Angela Neiman. Switchboard operator for a St. Paul real estate firm. This glamorous lass always rings the bell.*



**C**  
*Dorothy Cheney. Typist for a New York book publisher. Is sheer poetry to behold. Her lines are a pleasure to scan.*



**A**  
*Betsy Avakian. Stenographer for a brokerage firm in San Francisco. What can cause more glee than her curves?*



**B**  
*Toni Brenner. Medical secretary in Miami. A natural beauty who loves to spend her leisure hours, taking in nature.*



*Georgina Howard (left), bookkeeper for a Boston florist, blooms under a shower during off hours. Mia Tinsley, a clerk for a Cincinnati soap firm, enjoys relaxing in a bathtub. It makes her bubble with delight.*



*Los Angeles script girl Cynthia Thatcher (left) looks as though she should be in a script herself. Thea Laws, a government clerk in Washington, demonstrates her own unique way of painting the town after she leaves office.*

Though the general office routine may be dull, the shape of things to come holds promise for firms hiring beauties like those on these pages.



*When she isn't making hay, Nashville travel agent Judy Mencken is out pitching it, while Jean Beaumont, receptionist for a Louisville distiller, finds rearranging her apartment's furniture puts her in top spirits.*



**I**F PETER PAN were a hipster, he'd be somewhat like Arnie Crosspatch. Of course there'd have to be a few dashes of Sammy Glick and one or two substantial spoonful of Mrs. Malaprop to really capture Arnie's flavor. And what with that crazy kind of integrity that marked the 19th Century Transcendentalists scalloping the edges of his character, the idea of breaking down its components sort of falls apart. He was a child of our time, an *enfant terrible* of the New York in-group milieu; he was Arnie Crosspatch—and that says it.

Arnie was a photographer nibbling a living from the fringes of the publishing business and show business. But the publishing business Arnie had to do with was strictly bottom-of-the-heap and mostly of the girlie magazine variety. And his show business clientele was composed of not-quite-budding actresses, second-rate night club acts and third-rate strippers. Currently, he was involved in shooting the publicity stills for a "nudie" movie which was being made in Jersey.

Arnie had been hired for the job by the film's director who had worked with him before and who liked throwing such assignments to Arnie because he knew from past experience that what Arnie lacked in photographic artistry he more than made up for with his mastery of the basic cheesecake positions and with his ingenuity in implementing them. Arnie needed no direction; he took the called-for shots by rote and was well aware of what was required.

The producer of this particular movie was a stranger to Arnie and, according to the director, a mere figurehead fronting for some wealthy Canadian who had put up the money for the production. Arnie had met him while he was shooting out in Jersey, but they'd pretty much ignored one another. So Arnie was all the more surprised when the director more-or-less albatrossed the producer 'round his neck one afternoon at the Tumble Inn.

The Tumble was Arnie's hangout. A lot of the chicks he shot, as well as many other people he did business with also hung out at the Tumble. It was like a second office to him. (Cont. on p. 70)

# THE SWEDE FROM NUDIE-VILLE

FICTION BY TED MARK

**An over-30 former  
glamor queen proves  
that "old" sirens  
can hum as sweetly as  
they ever could.**

# H. M. S. S. *Tattle Tale* Quart

BY TED GOTTFRIED

Today, the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan are appreciated for their melodies and the cleverness of their lyrics. When first written, however, the public embraced them for still another reason. This was the quality of satire with which William S. Gilbert invested his librettos. This satire was both timely and caustic and many a G & S fan has pondered the fun they might have had with Britannia's current bru-ha-has. They need ponder no more, for here, based on the past sex scandals in the English government, with apologies for a talent that could never measure up to the great W. S. Gilbert, is the book and lyrics of *H. M. S. S. Tattle Tale*

SCENE-Parliament. House of Lords and House of Commons sitting in joint session.

## CHORUS - Parliament

We sailed the Ship of State  
Through a storm of Fairy Traitors.  
We never dreamed that Fate  
Had Heterosexu'l Matters  
Shoved Ace-like up its sleeve,  
With potential so distressing  
As to make Britannia heave  
At such ill-advised undressing.

Enter Minister of War.

SONG - Minister of War & Parliament.  
I am a British Minister of War.  
And an explanation's due!

Minister.  
Parliament.

Min. There's no reason I should,  
But be it understood  
I'm here to give it to you.

Parl. There's no reason he should,  
But be it understood  
He's here to tell us what's true.

Min. Though a very busy peer,  
I've taken time to steer  
You blokes through your distress.  
Now about the little lady—  
We're just friends; there's nothing shady—  
And I never, never raised her dress!

Parl. What, never?

Min. No, never!

Parl. What, *never*?

Min. Hardly ever!

Parl. He hardly ever raised her dress!  
He may have peeked up her pinafore,  
But what the hell! He's the Minister of War!

Min. I've done my best to satisfy you all—

Parl. Yet we're still not quite content.

Min. Damn you Liberal MPs!  
Damn! How quick you are to seize  
On anything a Tory might lament.

Parl. Oh, we Liberal MPs,  
Oh, how quick we are to seize  
On anything a Tory might lament.

Min. The Empire's gone to pot  
When toffs like me have got  
To show our sheets for all to see.  
It's cheek! Still, I will deign  
To tell you once again  
I never even touched her knee!

Parl. What, never?

Min. No, never!

Parl. What, *never*?

Min. Hardly ever!

Parl. He hardly ever touched her knee!  
He may have chased the chaste-less whore,  
But chasten not the chaste Minister of War!  
Enter Prime Minister  
SONG – Prime Minister & Parliament

P. M. Now he himself has said it—  
And you dast not his tale credit—  
For he is an Englishman! (Cont. on p. 67)



**Waking up, feeling  
tired and run-down, is  
enough to cause any  
girl concern. But in  
the case of lovely  
Mattie Stone, it only  
starts her looking  
for new methods of...**



## **Keeping the Doctor Away**

Mattie's book of home remedies is full of advice she'd just rather not follow. So she came up with a diet cure that gives plenty of food for thought. Turn page.





**This beauty who'd  
be the apple of any  
man's eye discovered  
the truth about an  
apple a day. Now she  
feels frisky as ever.  
Yet, one sad thought  
comes to mind. Pity  
the poor doctor who  
has been denied the  
joy of doctoring a  
maid like Mattie.**



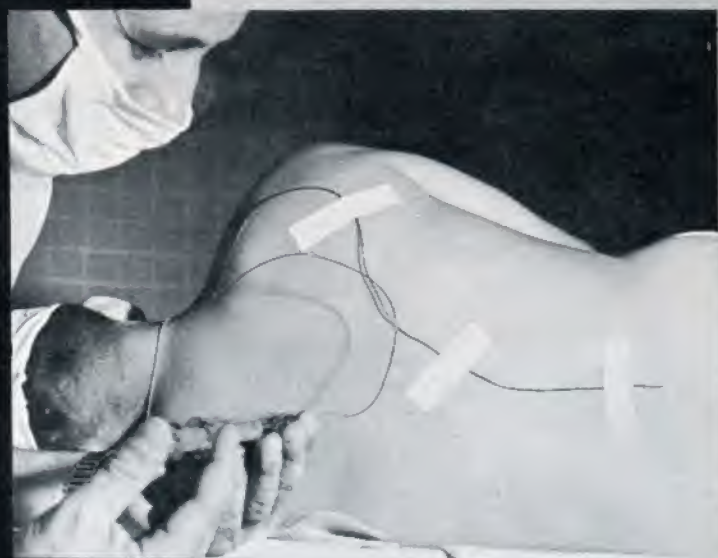
According to Greek mythology the apple had a special effect on the goddesses, and from the way it works on Mattie, the myth seems to show lots of truth.

Sophisticates may scoff at Mattie's cure; the idea would put doctors in stitches. Yet, there's only one answer—it's the result that counts. This glamorous lass is happy because her treatment's also a treat.



# The New Drug That Turns Cowards Into Heroes

BY SAM D. BAXTER



*A combination of three amazing chemicals which control the*

**A**T LONG LAST, modern science is catching up with the witches, sorcerers and folk healers of the Middle Ages and before. Today, there is a new drug that can turn cowards into heroes.

The result of more than ten years of biochemical research, this drug recently underwent tests by the Armed Forces, and was acclaimed with great enthusiasm. The United States military is quick to apply nearly every new product of pharmaceutical manufacturers to its own experiments, using human guinea pigs, and in this instance the results were remarkable. "We gave prescribed doses to

our subjects," said one officer, "and we found that in every instance they thought that Army life was wonderful, that the food was the most delicious they've ever eaten—and in battle maneuvers, they reacted with clarity, precision and *without fear*."

The drug is a combination of three basic ingredients—a tranquilizer to calm the subject's nerves; a mood elevator to make him feel jovial and active; and a disinhibitant to remove his mental blocks. It comes under many different names and is comprised of different ingredients, all acting in the same way to produce the same results.



**mind can change any GI into a braver, more efficient fighter.**

Actually, this miracle drug was synthesized by accident, with the three ingredients being discovered independently for different purposes.

The tranquilizing element, chlorpromazine, was produced out of a scientific curiosity about the famous happiness drug of India, known as Rauwolfia. The mood elevators, derivatives of iproniazid, were produced when it was found that this drug, originally used to treat tuberculosis victims, also caused patients to become cheerful and euphoric. The disinhibitors have always been around (the mildest example of such chemical is alcohol); scientists

today use small amounts of opium derivatives, such as dilaudid, to achieve longer-lasting and less harmful results.

The big psycho-chemical bustout began about ten years ago with the development of chlorpromazine, a refinement of Rauwolfia, the "happiness drug" that had been used in India for centuries. The tremendous marketing potentialities were quickly realized, and manufacturing chemists lost no time in searching for other drugs that could control the mind, producing in the user a state of well-being.

Once on the trail, research (Cont. next page)

# THE NEW DRUG THAT TURNS COWARDS INTO HEROES

representatives of the chemical companies booked passage on jet liners to make contact with leading folk healers in all parts of the world. They took an interest in the Arabs' use of kief which is derived from the female flower of the hemp plant and is known by different names in the many countries where it is employed. We know it as marijuana which has acquired a notorious reputation in legal circles, a factor that detracts from its scientific and research value. In Mexico there was the happy peyote cactus which yields the hallucinating chemical, mescaline, which makes life seem beautiful.

Mexico, also a land of unhappy souls, features another popular item called "magic mushrooms." The wonder chemical in these Mexican jumping dreams is psilocybin which whips up first-class hallucinations. While the mushrooms taste absolutely foul, the chemical working agent does not. The hallucinations which last for many hours produce visions of intense ecstasy, as any of its users will attest—anything from flying flocks of flamingos to harems of nude beauties ready to please its psilocybin master. Later, however, all is not perfect joy. There may be after-effects which might well include headaches, nausea, dizziness and a feeling of fear which borders on pure terror.

Aside from jet plane trips the research people further tracked down the clues of history. In medieval Europe not only was chivalry in flower, but also such plants (Solanaceae genre) as belladonna, thorn apple and henbane. All these were favorites of sorcerers, witches, magicians and early mixed-up physicians. Any recipe for a respectable witches brew always began with these three, to which was added equal parts of water, cat entrails and bat blood. People who drank the brew proved no longer cowards, saw illusions and in many cases claimed to have learned to fly.

As for medical practitioners, the controversial physician - magician, Paracelsus (1493-1521), is credited for the introduction of laudanum and various alcohol extracts. Laudanum is an opium drug. Alcohol which predates Paracelsus is one of man's early discoveries for getting happy. Technically both are classed as disinhibiting drugs of which there

are now many being used in medicine.

In some primitive cultures, happiness inducers have been employed in connection with religious rites such as those conducted by the Navajo Indians to induce ecstatic visions. These very same drugs, unfortunately, have today been adopted by certain thrill-seeking sophisticates as a "kick" substitute for heroin and marijuana.

Modern scientists, however, are not interested in either the mystical or "kick" aspects of psycho drugs. Instead they are concerned with using these chemicals to find out how the brain works, toward achieving two results—to aid the mentally disturbed and to control the mind and personality structure for the benefit of the individual.

Tranquilizers like rauwolfia, combined with psycho energizers like iproniazid, have dramatically aided the mentally ill, even to the extent of unlocking asylum doors for patients diagnosed as incurable. Yet, it has been found that what works for the mentally ill, also has startlingly beneficial effects on those who are normal.

As in most neurotics, anxiety and depression are the twin plagues in the emotional makeup of the normal individual. When anxiety prevails, the mind is over-stimulated in a hectic, undirected manner. A person so beset needs to be calmed, hence a tranquilizing agent. However, an individual whose anxiety is thus calmed, normally tends to become depressed; consequently his psyche requires a pickup. This is provided by energy-producing chemicals which bring about gaiety, clarity and drive.

The fact that people can be anxious and depressed at the same time hasn't stumped the chemical mind-engineers. They use compounds of tranquilizers and energizers in one mix. The drugs work together without canceling each other out. Tranquilizers and energizers are simple enough in what they accomplish. The results are dramatic. What still is not known, however, and this is true of all the mind chemicals, is how or why they work.

Thus, science enters into a pursuit which is not unlike a super whodunit. The job is to use certain chemicals, about which we know little, in order to learn something about the inner function of the brain

of which we know even far less.

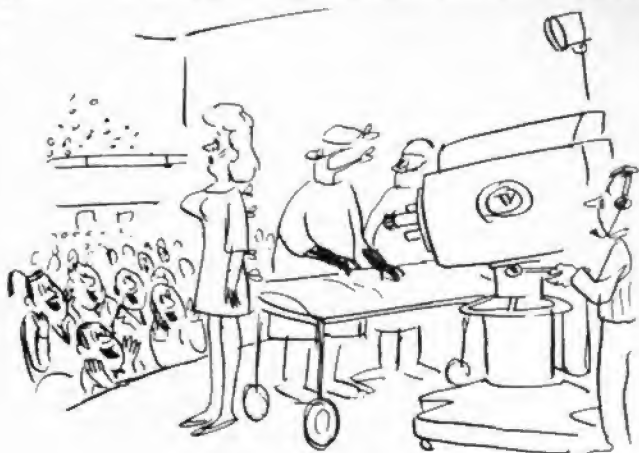
We know this much about the brain: It functions through a form of electrical energy called "brain power." This electrical energy passes by impulses through the vast network of the nervous system. The nervous electrical energy, which is quite measurable, is believed to be entirely produced by chemical actions that take place inside the brain cells.

Since our brain probers believe that every emotion, reflex and voluntary or involuntary control of the body by the brain is caused by chemical action, therefore to control the brain or to understand it, one must be acquainted with its chemistry.

The accidental discovery of the hallucinogen LSD-25, affectionately called just plain LSD, set off one of the most intense explorations of the secrets of the brain. Mainly because LSD (d-lysergic acid diethylamide tartrate) did not produce as many of the unwanted side effects as did the mescalines, psilocibins, scopolamines and others. Moreover, LSD had a kick to it which was something to behold—bigger and better hallucinations in brighter technicolor! LSD is derived from a black fungus called ergot which grows on rye heads. In the middle ages in Europe, when rye flour was the staple in bread making, ergot often caused insanity and a disease which produced gangrene in the hands and feet of its victims. Later, with chemical refinement ergot was used to treat excessive bleeding, migraine headaches and to induce labor in child birth. Dr. John Stearns, the first president of the New York Academy of Medicine introduced ergot in 1807 as an aid in child birth. Stearns said of ergot at that time: "The modus operandi I feel incompetent to explain... I was informed of the powerful effects of this article, in the hands of some ignorant Scotch woman, in the county of Washington."

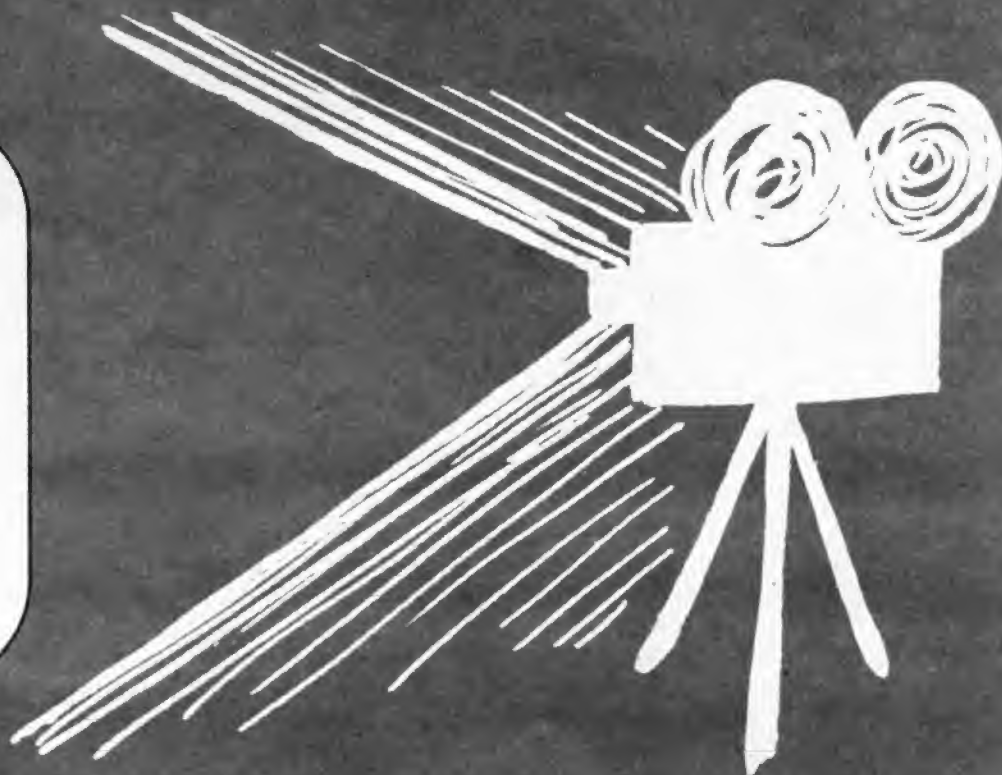
In 1947 Dr. Albert Hoffman, a researcher for a Swiss drug house accidentally concocted LSD-25. He was extracting lysergic acid from ergot and trying to do something with it. He was routinely adding chemicals to form new compounds. He accidentally swallowed some. He thought nothing of it until later that day. Time and

(Cont. on p. 59)



"Take it off! Take it off!"

EMF



# Candied Camera



"What are you nervous about? Most of those kegs are just dummies."

Art KUTNER



"What do you mean— which is my good side?"

Lajno

## LOVE IS A SIX-LETTER WORD

(Continued from page 11)

want you. And I've faced it. You've convinced me that there is absolutely no reason why I should deny you, or myself any longer. Tonight's the night and I'm as eager for it as you are."

He looked at her adoringly. "No regrets about that missing ring on your finger?"

"I can wait for the ring until you finish law school and can support me and the six fat kids we're going to have in the manner to which I intend to grow accustomed. But I can't wait to have you. I love you." Julia got up, walked over to him, bent over and kissed him on the lips.

A gentle cough behind her broke the embrace. "You can come in now, Julia." Dr. Antun's voice was tolerant and friendly.

"We're going to have to do something about your timing, Doctor." Julia giggled and preceded him into the inner office. He closed the door behind her and crossed over to take the chair in back of her as she settled on the couch. She got comfortable, then suddenly shot bolt upright. "Omigosh!" she exclaimed.

"What's the matter?" Dr. Antun's voice was even.

"I just realized why it's so familiar."

"What?"

"Love is a six-letter word."

"Go on."

"You won't approve."

"You know I don't make judgments," he said patiently. "Go on."

"It's just that I had this dream that was like a premonition—and that's not exactly according to Freud, is it?"

"Tell me about it and we'll see."

"Love is a six-letter word . . ." She began rather vaguely. "I was doing a crossword puzzle in your waiting room and I guess I said that to Roger. It had a familiar ring to it and later, when he said it back to me—it sounded familiar then too, but I didn't know why . . . Just now, as I lay down on the couch, I realized what it was. I had a dream last night and it woke me up. I found myself repeating that phrase over and over to myself . . . Love is a six-letter word."

"Tell me about the dream."

"I don't remember any of it except that phrase . . . Wait, that's not true . . . I do remember . . . Some of it, anyway . . ."

"Tell me what you remember."

"It's embarrassing, because it's awfully sexy . . . And—Oh! I recall the whole pattern now. It's repetitious. I mean, it was as though I had the same dream over again—and then again. Only it was different each time." Julia laughed nerv-

ously. "I guess my subconscious must be running out of originality."

Dr. Antun smiled. "You're not painting a masterpiece; just relating a dream."

"You mean I don't have to prove anything with it."

"That's right."

"Dreams don't have to be smoothed, and rounded off—or even completed like a crossword puzzle." This time Julia's laugh was less nervous, more self-indulgent. "All right then. Patterned or not, here we go . . ."

"In the first part of the dream it was tonight already. Roger and I were in his room. We were both naked. Roger was kissing me and caressing me. Physically, I was tremendously stirred. Yet mentally, I was ridiculously detached . . ." Julia paused as if she wasn't sure how to continue.

"Ridiculously how?" Dr. Antun's voice was soft.

"Over Roger's shoulder I was doing this crossword puzzle . . ."

"I see."

"I mean I was really doing it. I had my arms around him and the puzzle in one hand and a pencil in the other and I was filling in the words . . . He began getting more and more passionate and so did I and just as we were about to—to—well, you know—I started this hysterical conversational bit and it built up in this crazy kind of way—like sex almost, or rather like a continuation of the sex we were having."

"I said: 'Love is a six-letter word.'"

"'Erotic,' Roger said."

"'The letters are wrong.'"

"'How about sexual?'"

"'No.' I was crying now, but everything was even more frenzied than before. 'That's not right either,' I told him."

"'Libido.'"

"'No!'"

"'Yes!'"

"'No! No! No!'"

"'Why not?' Roger was very annoyed and angry now."

"'It won't fit! It won't fit! It won't fit!' I was screaming and pummeling him with my fists."

"But he kept insisting. 'Libido! Libido! Libido!'"

"Then it all sort of dissolved. It was like a whirling TV screen, with the crossword puzzle looming up in front of my face and about to suffocate me. And then I was whirling with it, holding onto it for dear life, and Roger was gone, and all I knew was that I didn't dare let go of the crossword puzzle."

"And then you woke up?" Dr. Antun had been jotting notes down on his pad, but now he paused to

let Julia know he had caught up with her.

"No, that's what's so peculiar. I didn't wake up. In a way, the same dream started all over again. Only it was different . . ."

"Different how?"

"The whirling stopped and I was lying on the bed in Roger's room again. Only this time I was dressed. We were both dressed. Roger was just beginning to make love to me. He was kissing my neck. His fingers were fumbling at the buttons on my blouse. Again I was responding. I slid my hand inside his shirt and played with the hair on his chest. I could tell that excited him. He was trying to slide down my bra strap and to bury his face between my breasts at the same time. I took my hand out of his shirt and stroked the back of his neck. Then I reached behind me and tried to undo the snap that fastened my bra. It was difficult and finally I realized why I was having so much trouble. I was trying to do everything with one hand because in my other hand, over Roger's shoulder, I was clutching that crossword puzzle. Finally I managed to get my bra loose and Roger slid it aside to caress me. This aroused me, but suddenly I became aware that now my other arm encircled him too and grasped in the hand was a pencil. I was trembling with desire, but all the time my eyes were riveted on that crossword puzzle and again it seemed to actually become the sexual experience itself—instead of the distraction which logically I suppose it should have been."

"I was panting. 'Love is a six-letter word,' I said."

"'It's a four-letter word,' Roger said."

"'A six-letter word.'"

"'A four-letter word! Spelled backwards. It's evol.'"

"'Love is evol,' I repeated. 'Love is evol.' Roger's fingers were like fire as he pushed my slip up over my thighs. 'But I need a six-letter word,' I told him. My voice was whining, but it was a moan of desire at the same time."

"'A six-letter word,' he said urgently. 'Female.'"

"'Everything's in the wrong place.'"

"'Guilty.' Now he was savage."

"'Never!'"

"'Then sinful. That's it! Sinful.'"

"'It can't be, Roger. It can't be.' I was crying now and I wanted to stop him because he was tearing at the elastic on my panties and I had to finish the puzzle before I let him—before I—we—anyway, I knew 'sinful' was wrong and I kept protesting, but he wouldn't listen. Then everything began spinning again and I was holding on to the puzzle

(Cont. on page 58)

# Always in Step



Highbrows, as well as the general public, have heaped praises on her performances.



*Shades of Isadora Duncan! Today it's nubile Natasha, who's giving dancing the biggest bounce to the ounce...*



Considered a revolutionary, Natasha has interpreted works of top modern composers.





*Sinuous, sensuous and sprightly, Natasha has added a new look to an old art form. Is it any wonder that this beauty has been getting so much "ballet-hoo?"*



Like many of her contemporaries Natasha stays in shape by doing Yoga and other Oriental exercises. This way she's always sure to be well-oriented to giving a top show.

**FICTION**  
**BY MORTON**  
**J. GOLDING**



*When a gorgeous-* *looking*

# **N**AKED **G**OD

"SHE'S GORGEOUS, I tell you. But the woman's a complete kook!" Bill Massinger's face was white and shaken. "I ought to know about kooks, after all. I was married to three of them."

I looked through the haze, smoke and alcoholic fumes to the section of the room at which Bill was pointing. There was only one girl there who could be described as gorgeous: She had the most fascinating face I had ever seen in my life and, as my eyes left the face and travelled downwards, I decided that she had the best figure I had ever seen, as well.

As I watched, the face turned slowly in our direction. A delightful smile played over it.

"She's coming here," Bill said. "I know the signs."

"Yes. Isn't it wonderful?"

He stiffened. "I'm leaving. If you're as smart as I think you are, you'll come along—that is, while you still can."

Bill was a very good friend of mine, but somehow I was not too interested in trying to talk him into staying or even in watching him while he fled. I was far too involved with the remarkable undulations of the woman as she walked across the room.

One can learn a lot about girls by watching them cross rooms; and I was able to gain some vital information about this one. For example, I ascertained that there was nothing at all underneath the tight, black sheath dress she had on except her! And if that isn't an important fact, I don't know what is.

"Hi, there," she said, as she

stopped and stood there with her motor still running.

I was still taking in her curves and was almost too wrapped up in my study to answer. "Oh, hi," I finally stammered.

"What's wrong with your friend?" she asked. "Doesn't he like girls?"

"What?"

"There are boys who don't like girls, you know," she said, patiently. "Is he one of them?"

"Oh. No. He...he just got divorced," I finished, lamely.

"Ah, that must explain it."

"Explain what?"

"I just asked him to do a tiny little favor. Most fellows are very happy to do me little favors. But he ran away." She pouted.

"He's a cad," I confided.

"But I can see that you're not," she said, her eyes growing soft and misty. "You wouldn't refuse a favor if I asked it?"

"How could I?" I replied, promptly. "Who would you like murdered?"

"It's nothing like that," she smiled. "I told you that it's just a little favor."

I felt vaguely disappointed. "Then, perhaps you'd like a mountain climbed or an ocean swum?"

"Not exactly..."

"Tell me what you want. Just make it something hard, I beg you."

She smiled, again, and it may have been the liquor, but I was sure that I heard the sound of soft strings and tinkling bells underneath the blaring, old-fashioned jazz that was pouring from the phonograph. "Do you know where the lake in the park is?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied, a bit uncertain.

"Well, my little boy dropped a package in it and I promised him I'd get it out."

My heart dropped with a thud. "You have a son," I said stupidly. "That means you're married, huh?"

"In a way. I mean I am, but my husband and I have an arrangement. He has his private life and I have mine. Things are so much neater that way, don't you think?"

"Oh, indubitably," I answered, wondering what kind of nut this husband was. If I had a girl who looked like this at home, I wouldn't let her out of my bedroom.

"What sort of a package is it?" I asked cautiously. On second thought, I remembered that understanding husbands sometimes have the annoying habit of popping up when they are least expected and proving not so understanding, after all.

"Just some arrows," she said. "And a cute little bow to go with them."

"Oh, does your little boy like archery?"

"Yes. He's very fond of it. But these happen to be very special arrows, and if somebody else found them it would be terrible."

"I see." I spoke in what I hoped was a soothing tone. "Well, why don't we wait until tomorrow to find them? It's against the law to go into the park at night, you know. The police reserve it for teen-age gangs. It gives them a spot to work off their excess energies."

She looked at me scornfully and tears began to form in the corners of those (Continued on next page)

*kook causes a normal, healthy male to lose his mind, watch out!*

# DESS ON THE LOOSE

## NAKED GODDESS ON THE LOOSE

marvelous eyes. "The law," she sniffed. "And you spoke about climbing mountains. Isn't there any chivalry left in the soul of modern man?"

That cut me. Suddenly I didn't give a damn about her husband, the police or anything else. No matter how screwy her requests, I was her boy. "I'll do it," I announced, squaring my shoulders.

"I just *knew* you would," she whispered.

I gulped and took her arm. "I never did catch your name," I said.

"It's Venus."

"Venus what?"

"Just plain Venus. You know: The goddess of love."

Now, I never claimed to have the genius of an Einstein or the deductive powers of Sherlock Holmes' brother, Mycroft. But I can add two and two. As soon as I did, I knew what Bill Massinger meant when he called the lady a kook. Nine out of ten men, in fact, would have followed Bill's lead, right then, and ran like hell. I turned out to be the tenth.

This was not only because she was so beautiful — though that in itself would have kept me there — but the truth was that I made a tentative decision to believe her!

In my days as a party-goer, I had seen too many strange people show up at late hour bashes to reject her claim out of hand. Once, I'd even met a girl who claimed to be Pallas Athena — though that is another story. In addition to that, I didn't see how anything so fantastic-looking as this dame could tell anything but the absolute truth.

So, if she said she was Venus, I would take her word for it. At least, until she proved otherwise. And have you ever considered how difficult it would be for a girl to prove she *isn't* Venus?

"How are things on Olympus?" I asked, playing it cool.

"Dull. What do you think I'm doing down here?"

She had me there. Without another word I took her arm and led her out of the stuffy if air-conditioned apartment into the

warm summer night for adventure.

"If you're Venus," I said, once we were on the street, "your little boy must be Cupid."

"That's right."

"And those arrows..."

"Exactly. I'd hate to think about what might happen if they started flying around, hitting people. Not that it might not be fun to watch — but we Olympians like to call our shots."

I nodded. There was only one thing to do. Go to the lake in the park and look for them. Not that I *really* expected to find anything. But the fact that I was right there helping her look might put my tame goddess in the mood to do me a good turn.

I hailed a cab and told the driver where we wanted to go.

"Huh? Are you two crazy or something?"

"What's wrong?"

"I wouldn't be caught dead in that place after dark."

"No one's asking you to. Just drop us off and leave."

"You're right, I'll leave!"

"The man has no soul," Venus murmured.

The driver turned his head. "Why do you want to insult me, lady?" he said. "That's not a nice thing to do."

"I'm sorry," said Venus, contritely. For a goddess, she had a very tender nature.

"Gee. Just because I'm a cab driver..." He turned around again to hunch over the steering wheel. "If they're crazy, I get them," he muttered. "Last night some broad wants to elope with me — and now this."

The cabbie let us off just a short distance from the lake and then took off like he was practicing to enter a drag-race. We walked across the field that separated the lake from the road that makes a wide circle inside the park.

I heard sounds like crickets and rustling leaves that seem so odd to hear in the middle of a city. The farther we got from the road, the greater my feeling grew that we were in hostile territory.

"Spooky, isn't it?" I said.

"I think it's kind of fun," she replied, taking my hand.

I was about to admit that she had a point, after all, when some silent figures loomed around us in the night.

"Look! A pair of love-boids," one of them said in a nasty and uncultured voice.

As I peered closer, I could see that there were about a dozen of them — all teen-age boys and all dangerous-looking. There was just enough light to make out the word "KILLERS" stitched across their T-shirts.

"Let's have some fun with that dish," another voice, just as nasty as the first, suggested.

"Keep firm hold of your fiery temper," Venus hissed in my ear. "Before you slay them, let me first try gentler methods."

I agreed. The last creature I had slain was a house-fly, and it had taken me eighteen swats with a fly-swatter to do that. Then I realized that she thought I was shaking out of anger.

"You must be the Killers," Venus said in her most seductive voice.

"Yeah, baby. You hoid of us?"

"Just ten minutes ago we came across a group of boys who were saying the silliest things about the Killers."

"Like what?" The question was asked in hard, flat tones.

"You know. Silly things. Like you are all sissies..."

"Who said that?"

"Now, let me think..."

"The Phantoms?"

"Yes! The Phantoms. I'm sure it was them."

"Let's get those creeps! We'll kill 'em!"

"Yeah! We'll be back, lady."

They disappeared.

"That was a dirty trick," I said.

"But in a good cause."

We walked down to the side of the lake. "Now, just where did those arrows fall in?" I asked.

"In the middle. He was flying over the lake doing loop-the-loops to impress a little dryad when he lost them. He can be a naughty little boy." (Cont. on p. 68)

**THE PROS HAVEN'T LOST  
THAT COLLEGE SPIRIT,  
BUT NOWADAYS THEY HAVE  
THEIR OWN SPRITES.**



**PRO  
FOOTBALL'S  
"HOMECOMING"  
QUEENS**



Los Angeles' Tammy Wilson (top) is a lamb who rates as a top Ram follower. Detroit's Jean Rogers is our choice to lead the parade in lionizing the Lions.



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New Yorkers should have no  
trouble taking the giant step  
in making Jo Ames the  
No. 1 Giant greeter.

## LOVE IS A SIX-LETTER WORD

(Continued from page 48)

and Roger was gone and there was only the puzzle, with the black squares making a design that was like a face that was leering at me and then trying to kiss me and then enveloping me. I was so frightened and I couldn't seem to stop whirling around..."

"Now, now," Dr. Antun said, "there's no need to get upset. Just tell me what happened then, Julia."

Julia took a deep, quivering breath. "Then it all started over again. Only again it was different from the first two times. The spinning slowed down and I had the crossword puzzle in my hand and I was sitting at the kitchen table in Roger's apartment very calmly and filling in the words very quickly. Now there was no whirling at all. Roger was sitting across the table from me with some of his textbooks and writing in a notebook."

"He looked up at me. 'I love you,' he said."

"I had a very peculiar reaction. Just those words, the sound of his voice—It was as though he'd taken me with them—suddenly, brutally. I felt weak and on the crest of sexual desire. 'I love you too,' I answered and saying that was as thrilling as though our bodies were locked together. But he wasn't

looking at me. His eyes were riveted to the crossword puzzle on the table in front of me. I glanced down at it too and I found myself saying those words again:

"'Love is a six-letter word.'"

"'I don't know any six-letter words,' he said."

"'Wedded,' I told him."

"'I can't use it.'"

"'How about spouse?'"

"'That's not for us.'"

"'Sucker.' My voice was shaking. My body was burning with desire. But I was terribly angry at the same time."

"'Sucker!' He was choked with emotion. 'That's right. Sucker. That's a six-letter word for love right enough. Sucker; that's it'."

"'Sucker!' We were chanting it together now. 'Sucker.' We were shouting. 'Love is a six-letter word! Love is a six-letter word!' And suddenly Roger was gone and I was tearing the crossword puzzle into hundreds of tiny pieces and screaming hysterically: 'Love is a six-letter word! Love is a six-letter word!'... And then I woke up."

"And that was the end of the dream?" Dr. Antun asked.

"Yes... But what does it all mean, Doctor?"

"Well, some things are obvious. Even to you, I imagine. For instance, what's been occupying your thoughts lately?"

"Whether or not I should go to bed with Roger... But I thought I'd settled that. I decided that we loved each other and that it would be foolish to wait. Just yesterday I told him and we decided to make love tonight."

"And you had the dream last night—or, rather, the sequence of dreams, each, in a way, projecting the liaison you face tonight."

"Yes," said Julia thoughtfully, "I suppose that's true... And I was doing the crossword puzzle before I went to sleep, and I suppose that definition of 'love' as a six-letter word was on my mind. The two things combined to make up the dreams—is that it?"

"That's correct. But what's particularly interesting is the words you came up with as definitions. Let's consider the first sequence, for instance. Do you recall the words?"

"Yes. 'Erotic.' 'Sexual.' And 'libido.'"

"That's right. Now let's try some free association with those words. I'll repeat them one by one and you tell me the first thing that comes into your mind."

"All right, Doctor."

"Erotic."

"Frigid."

"Sexual."

Julia hesitated a split second. Then—"Forbidden."

"Libido."

"Male."

"'Frigid, forbidden' and 'male.'"

Dr. Antun repeated her answers. "And what does the crossword puzzle represent to you?"

"A pattern?" Julia looked at him to see if she was right.

"Yes. A pattern. Your pattern. Now, Julia, in the past, how have you reacted to Roger's erotic overtures?"

"I've been frigid."

"Exactly. And when you think of the sexual aspects of life, how do you think of them?"

"Forbidden fruits. They're forbidden."

"And where you and Roger are concerned, how have you seen yourself?"

"As passive."

"And him?"

"He's always pushing the sex side of our relationship. Some times I think he's oversexed. Then I realize it's just that he's a man and that's the way men are."

"You mean he's got too much—"

"Libido!" Julia finished the sentence and then chuckled to herself. "I see what you mean. There is a pattern, isn't there? When I say that the letters are wrong, I mean that being erotic is wrong, is that it?"

"Yes."

"And the same with sexual?"

"Correct. And when you react in the dream to 'libido,' you're reacting to Roger's maleness, which makes you afraid. Do you remember what you said to him?"

"Yes." Julia blushed. "No need to explain that. It's too obvious."

"And too threatening. So, in the dream, you cast Roger away and go whirling off with your crossword puzzle."

"Like a kid with a security blanket... But why do I dream it over again, only differently?"

"Well, let's see how you react to the three words that keyed the second part of your dream. First, 'female.'"

"Passionate."

"Guilty."

"Self-indulgence." Julia giggled.

"Sinful."

"Lovemaking... No! I didn't mean that!"

"Let it stand." Dr. Antun's voice was soothing. "Now, Julia, in the dream, do you remember how you equated 'love' with evil?"

"Yes, only it was 'evol'—love spelled backwards... But I'm equivocating, aren't I?"

"It would seem so... Now, let's try and follow what happened in

## PLAYBOY ASTRONAUT

(Continued from page 14)

tightly restricted for a while, but they'll weather it as they always have. And the world's oldest profession will remain an out-of-this-world problem.

Not as great a problem, though, as overpopulation will be some day. With the vastness of space allowing for greater sexual freedom—despite the complexities described—the multiplication of the population is a foregone conclusion. In the old days, the Malthusian Theory forecast a population increase which would eventually crowd mankind off the earth. With all space to populate, this problem has receded. But one day, since the theory is soundly based on a geometric progression, mankind may find itself being crowded out of the universe.

Where will lovers go when that happens? Well, they're sure to find some place. And they're sure to do the same old thing when they get there. Whether Man invents the wheel, or the rocket ship, he may change his world, he may conquer new ones, but sex itself never changes—thanks be for that! ●

the dream. In the first segment you rejected the libido and Roger along with it. In the second section you return dressed and more sure of yourself. You admit to being 'female' and identify it with being 'passionate.' You only clutch the crossword puzzle—symbol of your security pattern — with one hand, while allowing your other hand to participate in the passion. But then you panic again. You say 'everything's in the wrong place.' You identify 'love' with feeling 'guilty' and accuse yourself of 'self-indulgence.' Finally 'lovmaking' becomes 'sinful' and although your dream-image of Roger is of a man who tears off your clothes and forces you to sex, you can't sustain it. Again you cast him off and race away with your crossword puzzle — your security pattern."

"Then what the dream is saying is that I'm afraid of sex."

"Yes. But it's also saying that you're drawn to it. Let's look at the last part of the dream. How do you react to the word 'wedded'?"

"Legitimate," Julia snapped back.

"And 'spouse'?"

"Security."

Dr. Antun smiled to himself. "Sucker," he said.

"Pregnant."

"Let's see what you make of this yourself," the doctor said.

"I want sex, but I want it to be 'legitimate.' I want the 'security' of a 'spouse'—a husband. I think a girl who has sex without marriage is a 'sucker' and that she may be punished by becoming 'pregnant.' It that what it means?"

"If that's what it means to you—and it would seem that it does—then that's what it means... It was a very good analysis. Keep that up and you'll have my job." Dr. Antun laughed.

"I don't want your job. I just want to understand myself—and be able to decide what to do about it. For instance, what do I do about Roger tonight. If that's what the dreams mean, do I go to bed with him, or not?"

"I can't answer that," Dr. Antun said. "It's entirely up to you. My job is to help you look at your problems, not to solve them for you. You have to solve them yourself." He glanced at his watch.

"And my time is up." Julia got to her feet. "Well, Doctor, I can't say you've been very helpful. I still don't know what to do about tonight."

"Use your own judgment. And don't doubt your ability to make decisions." Dr. Antun guided her gently to the door and edged her out.

A few hours later the door closed behind Julia and Roger as they entered Roger's apartment. "You've

been awfully quiet," Roger said as he flicked on the lights.

"I've been thinking," Julia answered.

"Come to any conclusions?"

"Yes. Tonight's the night."

"No it's not," Roger said.

"What do you mean?"

"You're not the only one who's been thinking."

"I thought you'd been awfully quiet yourself," Julia observed. "But I don't understand what you mean. Don't you want to make love to me?"

"I sure do. But I've thought it out and I realize I want a lot more from you than that. For one thing—and this is selfish on my part — I don't want you to let me make love to you as a sacrifice. I don't want you to just submit. I want it to be something we both enjoy. And for another thing, I don't want you in a dither of guilt and fear of pregnancy and all that jazz. So, I've de-

cided we're going to wait until I graduate and put that ring on your finger."

"That's great. You let a girl get herself all worked up and eager and then you go noble on her." Her relief showed through the teasing note in Julia's voice. "Well then, if you're not going to deflower me, what are we going to do tonight?"

"Come on." Roger kissed her on the lips. "I'll help you finish that crossword puzzle."

"Okay, what's a six-letter word for love?"

"How about 'denial'?" Roger said ruefully.

And at this moment, across town in his office, his last patient having just left, Dr. Antun opened the drawer of his desk and withdrew the half-finished *Sunday Times* crossword puzzle. "Now," he pondered to himself, "just what the hell is a six-letter word for 'love'?"

## DRUG THAT TURNS COWARDS INTO HEROES

(Continued from page 46)

space disappeared, Hoffman imagined that he was floating around the room and looking down at his body lying dead on a couch. The doctor had become a truly split personality. The amount he had taken was incredibly small, not more than 250 micrograms, but its psycho-chemical kick was equivalent to a cerebral A-Bomb! LSD seemed to be the first opportunity to open up the nature of the function of the brain and researchers poured in. Countless experiments were performed with LSD, which under proper controls gave its human guinea pigs the thrill of their lives, and permitted psychiatrists and scientists a view of the human mind never before available. Those who swallowed LSD experienced a revelation of life which brought them close to immortality. Under LSD influence there were not only hallucinations of surpassing beauty but objects, stones, fruit, a shaft of light seemed to pour out a thousand hidden meanings to the drugged subjects. They became controlled and classic (albeit pleasant) psychotics who in this state revealed a great deal of the function of both the normal and abnormal mind.

LSD had dangers too — it could drive a potentially psychotic personality into permanent insanity. But the "normal" user, following his delightful LSD excursion, would feel better, more integrated, more alive, more perceptive about life and living than ever before. This glowing after-effect sometimes would last for weeks.

Through LSD the implications were clearly made. The mind could be controlled by chemicals. The

mind could be shaped and structured to perform in any pattern the chemical mind-controllers would choose. All that remained was the need to know a little more and to keep finding new mind chemicals.

Many by now have been isolated. Here are their classifications and functions: Tranquilizers to banish anxiety; psychic energizers to banish depression, build good mood and mental energy; hallucinogens to transport you into a world which does not exist, to the hidden frontiers of the mind; euphorants to make you feel that everything is wonderful beyond belief (euphoriant chemicals so alter the mind that under their influence spoiled wine tastes like champagne, a bed of nails is almost as comfortable as foam rubber, overwhelming and suicidal dangers seem to be safe bets, child's play); depressants turn the mind in the opposite direction, total gloom and darkness descends, nothing is good, life is not worth the effort and neither food nor drink nor Elizabeth Taylor can lift the hopelessness; disinhibitors (alcohol is a very mild example) to shift control of the mind away from normal behavior (you talk too much, become too emotional, exaggerate both ideas and actions, for example, "I can fight any bum in the house"); chronoleptogenics destroy the sense of time (you lose the ability to tell the difference between hours and minutes, and the time distorters can literally drive you out of your mind); confusants to distort all relationships you may have with people, places and things (your wife may become a stranger, you can forget where you live, you become a

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stranger to yourself); catoplexogenics leave you fully conscious but prevent you from moving a single muscle (you are to all practical purposes, paralyzed); brainwashing drugs which increase individual suggestibility enormously.

"In the not too distant future," predicted Harvard psychologist Dr. B. F. Skinner, "the motivational and emotional condition of normal daily life will probably be maintained in any desired state through the use of drugs."

Already the Armed Forces are cashing in on the discoveries of biochemistry. LSD, for example, is regarded by the military as an incapacitating weapon. Just one pound of this drug, dropped into the water supply of Moscow, Peking—or any large city, for that matter—will reduce those urban areas into temporary insane asylums, leaving every man, woman and child helpless for eight hours to resist an in-

vading army.

The use of the bravery drugs, on the other hand, represents a tremendous advance from the days of the Korean War, when the Chinese sent waves of troops, hopped up on heroin and cocaine, to wear down the foe, in the process of being slaughtered.

"What this drug means in terms of modern warfare," said one high-ranking officer, "is incalculable. The soldier using it will not only reach untold heights of heroism, but he will also retain his clarity of thought and precision of action, enabling him to return alive to receive his medal."

But it isn't only in the field of war that such a drug can be used successfully. By swallowing a tranquilizer, energizer and disinhibitor in the proper combination, any Casper Milquetoast quickly finds himself feeling like Tarzan of the Apes.

## MISTRESS OF WELLINGTON & NAPOLEON

(Continued from page 30)

commuting between Josephine and Giuseppina. In that year the Duke had led two military expeditions, one against the Danes, and one assisting Portugal in its revolt against Napoleonic rule. In Denmark he had compounded the defeat of the Danish army by a liaison with a Princess of the Royal House. At a later date, she claimed he had actually raped her, to which Wellington replied that the lady had seduced him. No matter, though, for the incident was overshadowed by an affair with a Lisbon society lady which ended in the scandal of his killing her husband in a pistol duel.

With Napoleon busy in Russia, Wellington led Spanish forces against the French Army that occupied Spain. He won battle after battle, his military star rising as Napoleon's descended. However, in the spotlight of scandal, the two generals remained equals.

December of 1812 found a war-torn Europe taking time out to gossip over the amours of both. This was the month in which Wellington drove the French Army beyond the Pyrenees and out of Spain, thereby winning the Peninsular War. It was the month in which the defeated Napoleon returned to Paris, leaving half his army behind as frozen corpses on the Steppes of Russia. It was a breathing-spell for scandal.

The newly-formed Spanish government—which but a month before had sent missives praising Wellington to the sky to Buckingham Palace—now felt compelled to notify their English allies of a "delicate situation" which had developed in the wake of the Duke's victories. The "delicate situation" was their way of

referring to the hundreds of impregnated Senoritas—many of whom claimed to have been tumbled forcibly by the high-spirited soldiers of the English Army. Following this, two messages crossed paths as they were carried between England and Spain. The first was a directive from the English government to Wellington which instructed him to make any reparations necessary to smooth relations between the two countries. The second was from the Royal House of Spain itself to the English Prime Minister. It denounced the Duke as a high-handed satyr who seemed bent on turning the Royal Court's ladies-in-waiting into his own personal harem and who backed up that intention with force of arms. Specifically, reference was made to a reception to which the Duke had been invited where he lured three ladies of noble birth into a private room of the palace, posted guards outside the room with orders to shoot any intruding husbands and proceeded, with the help of two aides, to force the ladies to submit to him. Wellington's defense was that while he had perhaps been indiscreet—due, no doubt to partaking of too much Spanish wine—the ladies had submitted willingly. This explanation didn't sit to well with the Home Office, which had consistently placed obstacles in Wellington's military path and now smugly condemned him as "not a gentleman" and "not even an Englishman" to boot. With his Irish up, Wellington returned to London to defend himself.

Meanwhile, Napoleon, licking his wounds in Paris, had rediscovered Giuseppina Grassini. His second wife, the Princess Marie Louise, may

have given him the heir he so desired, but when it came to assuaging the memory of the Russian chill, her Austrian royal blood ran tepid compared to the fiery Italian soprano.

The juiciest of scandals, however, has a way of running dry in the face of military necessity. And so it was with both Napoleon and Wellington. The former left Paris to lead his forces in the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, and later in the disastrous Battle of Leipzig. Meanwhile, the English government forgave Wellington his "indiscretions," and put him in command of an army to invade the South of France.

It was 1814 by the time the smoke of many battles had cleared and when it did, a tail-dragging Napoleon was headed in exile for Elba. And Wellington had been appointed the English Ambassador to Paris!

Late Spring, as fate would have it, the Duke followed the trilling birds to the opera house one evening. He had heard of Mme. Grassini, knew of the scandal involving her and Napoleon, and was curious to watch her perform. But he was disappointed. In the wake of Napoleon's exile, anti-Bonaparte sentiment had swept Paris and the management had decided not to risk letting Giuseppina sing. Even as Wellington heard the announcement of a substitution, the Italian diva's servants were packing her things for the trip back to Milan.

The trip was never made. Wellington exerted his considerable influence on the French government he had helped create, causing Giuseppina to be reinstated as the prima soprano of the Paris opera. When she learned of his efforts in her behalf, she sent the Duke a note of thanks and invited him to tea.

The Duke, an incorrigible kiss-and-tell diarist, recorded the incident as follows: "This Italian woman of Napoleon's is as all reputation would have her be. A ripe and bosomy fruit in the flush of womanhood, if her responsibility be as rumor has it, then Bonaparte's empire may rightly have been well lost.

"Thanking me for interceding on her behalf, she was frank about her relations with the erstwhile Emperor. Then, with lowered lids, and in the softest of Latin accents, she pronounced an innuendo having to do with the disposition of the spoils of victory. On the instant, I realized she had reference to none but herself.

"Quick to seize upon this, I bestowed a compliment and assuaged the blush with which she received it by taking her hand in mine. She recovered sufficiently to observe that I was deserving of my reputation for boldness, which remark I took as an invitation to further boldness and was so moved to kiss her.

'Her response to this being unmis-

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takably warm, I followed with further liberties which she gladly allowed. These, in turn, resulted in such disarray of clothing and eagerness of flesh that wordlessly did we agree to proceed to her boudoir whence we shed our garments and left fiery imprints of passion on the bed linen throughout that truly memorable afternoon. Thus have I warbled with Napoleon's nightingale, finding her to be a lovebird to the taste of my Irish cage. A cage, which she assures me is even more satisfying than her Corsican nest of yore."

A wordy wooer, the Duke kept a bed-by-bed account of the affair which followed. It was some six months later that he made the following entry:

"My Italian songbird sings of love as irresistibly as ever. Her allure grows with every liaison—so different from the many women of many lands I have known. Ah, the delight, after a night in her arms, of waking to the sound of that magnificent voice paying homage to Eros with an aria of gratitude..."

Could it be that the high notes of that aria were wafted by the winds to the Isle of Elba? A fanciful thought, but surely something prodded Napoleon to break his word, raise an Army and set sail for France. Knowingly, or not, his action had the effect of driving the Duke from the arms of his Latin lovely to the arms of war. Wellington fled to England to take command of a hastily assembled force that had been recruited to stop the rampaging Emperor.

Before this could be done, however, on March 20th, 1815, Napoleon entered Paris. The quickly adaptable populace greeted him with open arms; and no less open were the quickly adaptable arms of Giuseppina Grassini.

Once again she became the Corsican's concubine. It seems quite probable that with all the hustle and bustle attending his return, nobody found the time to tell Nappy that his Italian *pasta* had been floating around in an Irish stew during his absence. More likely, nobody had the nerve to tell him.

In any case, Napoleon's affair with the side-switching soprano was carried on more flagrantly than ever. But he was the man of the hour and nobody questioned his off-hours pleasures. Indeed, the presence of his Milanese playmate at his side during a victory parade elicited only a tolerant Gallic wink from the populace. It was taken for granted that while his boots stamped out the occasional brush-fires of rebellion during the day, at night they were parked contentedly 'neath the *Signorina's* international bed.

He had to grab them in a hurry

though, when, one June night word was brought to him that Wellington's Army was in Belgium, massed for an attack on France. And so, with a farewell squeeze of Giuseppina's operatic bellows, Napoleon set out to meet his Waterloo.

The rest is history. The Iron Duke trounced the Corsican soundly and shipped him off to St. Helena to live out his life in exile. To show their gratitude, the English government placed Wellington in charge of the army of occupation in France, and the Duke once again returned to Paris. Giuseppina greeted him—you guessed it—with open arms.

But, as fate would have it, they closed on thin air. Wellington had heard of her interlude with Napoleon while he was busy forming an army to beat him. He admired her fine Italian hand, but he refused to

## THOSE HUSH-HUSH SIRENS OF THE C.I.A.

(Continued from page 9)

smack into his lap. It was then that Wilf fell in love with her and knew damn well that he was in for trouble. How in hell can you arrest—or shoot—the girl you love, even though she is about to assassinate your boss?

Her name was Estella Voya Sanchez and she was in her early twenties and she looked like Dolores Del Rio. At any rate, she was in her early twenties and looked like Dolores Del Rio. What her name was, was anybody's guess. She didn't look especially Latin, but her Spanish was perfect, and Wilf knew several blue-eyed Mexicans of Castillian ancestry.

When she got extra curious about what he did and where he came from, he gave her a line about being a soldier-of-fortune on his way to join up with the Arbenz forces. He put on his best cloak-and-dagger look and whispered hoarsely, "Frankly, Estella, a lot of trouble would be saved if somebody would shoot this Armas character. I almost wish I had the chance."

She regarded him strangely and nodded. "Maybe. But I don't care to talk about politics and war, right now. I am going to Honduras to get a newspaper story about the revolution, yes—but until I get there I want to forget my troubles and the world's troubles and—"

The way she was looking at him then, Wilf could not resist the impulse. He leaned forward and kissed Estella Voya right on her lovely full red lips. And she kissed back.

Because she had fallen in love with him. When he told me this, I didn't doubt it for a moment. And as they flew toward their muddled destiny, holding hands in the loneliness of the huge Constellation, Wilf wondered, "What in the hell are we going to do?"

By the time they reached "Te-goose," Wilf knew what he was going

let her play the cards fate had dealt her. Instead, he called for a new shuffle and when Giuseppina picked up her pasteboards, she found a little French milliner, some ten years younger than she, had walked off with the Wellington pot.

Not only that, but she found the very pressure which had once been exerted in her behalf was now being brought to bear to make her leave Paris. Napoleon's Waterloo was also her swan song and so, with a fatalistic shrug, Giuseppina Grassini returned to Milan. There she lived to the ripe old age of 77, a star of the opera to the last, singing of love and intrigue with the heartrending fervor of a soprano who'd slept on both sides of one of the world's most historic blankets—only to find that in the end the blanket of duplicity is but a shroud!

to do. At least, he knew what he was going to *try* to do. If, as he thought, Estella sincerely loved him, he would consummate their relationship—make love to her as no man had ever made love to her before (he hoped). Then he would talk her out of the assassination plot. It was either that or turn her over to the revolutionary council. They, he knew, would have her shot.

He took her to the Prado. And that's where I met them. We three had dinner together, during which Wilf and I talked over old times in the China of O.S.S. days. We hadn't seen one another since the war, but had kept in touch. Then Estella went to her room—and that's when Wilf brought me up to date on the situation. He paced the floor of my room, obviously worried as hell.

"I'm going up to her room in a half hour," he said. "I'm going to take her to bed. If, by tomorrow morning, I haven't convinced her that she's doing the wrong thing, she's going to try to get at Armas. All she has to do, as an accredited correspondent for a Mexican paper, is fly up to the front on the charter service, the way you guys do, and have an interview with Castillo. She can do a Kamikaze job right then and there, or she can sneak around the camp until she gets a chance to plug him from a distance. Damn it, why didn't the Com-mies pick a big ugly hood for this job? I could have dropped him out of the plane on the way down here and—" He shook his head.

There was no way I could help him. I could only wish him luck—both in his political affairs and his love affair.

When Wilf knocked on Estella's door, she opened it at once, as though she'd been standing just inside, waiting for him. She was attired in something that is often referred to as

"more comfortable"; it was composed of black lace and must have weighed at least an ounce. Beneath the sheer negligee, the fabulous proportions of Estella were utterly devoid of either bra or panties. She smiled as she presented him with a drink, and Wilf didn't try to appear nonchalant about it. Still, he waited patiently for as long as he was humanly able, making small talk through dry lips. At last, she brought him a pony of Drambuie: he knew it was time.

Draining the glass, he said huskily, "I know of something sweeter than this." He rose to his feet. Then, like two mountain streams that meet with a blind rush, to mingle and become one, Estella and Wilf ran forward and into each other's arms. Laughing unsteadily, they fumbled at one another's clothing. Wilf tore the filmy lace from her body with a single gesture. Then, with the sound of rending fabric and popping buttons, he removed his own clothes. He lifted her squirming, eager body and bore her to the king-size bed. Gently, almost reverently, as though laying an offering on an altar, he set her down.

The night that passed then will never be forgotten by either of them, even though other equally wildly passionate nights have since come and gone. For this was the first—and this was special, too, because each thought it might be the last.

It must have been nearly dawn when, while the fan whirled gently, cooling them, they lay there on the rumpled bed and smoked quietly. They had been silent for a long time. Now Wilfrid Lethbridge knew it was time to speak his piece. Now, when her resistance was at its lowest; when she loved him the most. Yes, he knew, the Commies trained their agents well, and comparatively few of them defected. But perhaps love would prove even stronger than the Red brain-washing and indoctrination. It was time to find out.

But Estella spoke first. "Wilf, darling," she said softly, "I must ask a favor of you. But first—do you love me, really and truly love me?"

He frowned in the darkness and squeezed her hand. "It's yes to both, sweetheart. I'll do the favor for you, and yes, I love you really and truly." He paused and gave a short laugh. "On second thought—what's the favor?"

There was a long silence. Then her words came softly and firmly, "Don't do it, Wilf. I beg of you—don't do it?" What the hell? "Don't do what?"

"Don't assassinate Castillo Armas!"

It took a while for it to sink in. Then he rose to one elbow. He switched on the light. In the sudden glare, he blinked down at her.

She said, "I know why you came down here, Wilf. You were hired by the Communists to kill Armas. My people learned about it just a cou-

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ple of days before we met on the plane. They knew which plane you would take, only they didn't know what you looked like. They sent me to stop you. When you were the only passenger on the plane—and when you admitted you were on Arbenz' side, I knew you were the one. I was supposed to turn you in when we landed, but—darling, I couldn't. I was stupid enough to fall in love with you. I thought that, by loving you, I might change your mind about this horrible thing." Her words came faster, and she put a finger on his lips to silence any interruption. "You're an American, my love—like me. You've got to be on the right side—my side. Work with me, Wilf! The money isn't so great, but you'll feel cleaner and—we'll be together. Please."

He wanted to shoot off guns and sky rockets and ring bells and scream into the street. He wanted to run down the hall in his shorts, shouting that everything was going to be all right . . . But he only laughed quietly, a little hysterically, maybe, and held Estella very tightly. He kissed her shoulder, her arm, her cheek and her breast. He stroked her hair, touching her as though she were something very precious, as she was.

When he could control his voice, he told her his side of the story. She didn't believe him at first, but then she asked him several questions—questions that no Mexican newspaper woman would be able to ask; questions no routine soldier of fortune could answer. And when he answered them, she said, "I've lived in Mexico and Central America all my life, darling, but I'm as American as you. My father was a career diplomat. When I was very young he began training me for the Service. For added excitement I went into the Intelligence end of it. For the past four years I've been working for the Central Intelligence Agency. My name is Angela Sternhagen."

They slept for a few hours. Then they rose and got to work. And there was plenty of work to do. The assassin was still at large. Obviously, the Reds had learned that their secret was out. They had pulled him off the Mexico-Tegucigalpa flight—thus causing the mixup between Wilf and Angela. Now he was probably in Honduras, possibly at the front. Wilf called Armas himself on a special wire and told him the important part of the story—and that the colonel should be doubly cautious.

Later, Angela made coded long-distance phone calls to two contacts for verification. Marie Swanson, who was living in Caracas, Venezuela as the mistress of a leading Red, revealed that the attempted assassination plot was suddenly canceled. The second phone call was made to Mexico City, to Jane DeLong, who was

apparently another sexy dish, for she was shacking up there with one of the top monkey-monks of the Commies—a big wheel in agitation and propaganda for Latin America. The Mexico City call indicated that the Reds would definitely try to knock off Armas at a later date.

Within three days Jacobo Arbenz fled Guatemala, the resistance broke down, and Castillo Armas marched into the capital. He would, it appeared, be able to make Guatemala safe for democracy. There was dancing in the streets.

I went on to Guatemala City with the others, knowing that I had a pretty good story—one that I wouldn't be able to tell for several years, if ever!

After the victory celebration—only one of several—Wilf and Angela got together again. As they lay close together, she said, "As you know, I am a very passionate girl—right?"

"Thank God," murmured Wilf, "thank God, and Allah, and Buddha and Tao and Eros!"

"Then," she teased him, "you know what a sacrifice I'm going to make for you. We Mata Haris are all alike. We are good operatives because we can supplement our brains with our sex. In the past, I have done my job especially well because of my womanhood. Now, since I have to be faithful to you, I go into the battle only half armed."

Wilf shook his head and slapped her playfully. "From now on, we work together. You can lure our quarry into the traps—and I'll sping them."

All right. That should end the story, shouldn't it? Everybody's happy and contented and the future looks good, right? As of 1954, I mean. But there's a postscript—actually, the most important part of the story.

Next day, Angela went downstairs to the hotel lobby first. It looked better, that way. When Wilf joined her, he found her being kissed rather violently by a tall, handsome and very young Guatemalan youth. Angela didn't look too happy about it. She turned to Wilf.

"This, darling," she said, "is Romeo—Romeo Sanchez Vasquez. He is a very dear friend. I just told him about us." She turned toward Romeo. "I am so terribly sorry. I couldn't help myself. Please try to understand."

Romeo did not look as though he would try. He glared from Angela to Wilf, clenched his fists, then stalked away. Angela looked after him sadly. "It's too bad. He was so much in love with me. I only hope he doesn't do anything he shouldn't. He's very sensitive, a little neurotic, I think."

The Guatemala War was over. Angela and Wilf went back to Washington. Getting him into the C.I.A. was easy and, although all of their assign-

ments haven't been together, they've been happy. Not long after they got to D.C., Angela received a letter from her ex-boy friend, Romeo. He seemed to be trying to get even, apparently, because he reviled her unmercifully. Also, he had joined the Communist Party.

And that's where Angela made her one big mistake. Because of her past involvement with Romeo, she couldn't bring herself to notify the Government of the youth's activities. Maybe she felt he was only bluffing, just to hurt her more.

Anyway, one day, as she and Wilf ate breakfast in the cafeteria at C.I.A. headquarters, she opened the morning paper. Wordlessly, she showed Wilf the front page headline. "CAS-

TILLO ARMAS ASSASSINATED; MILITARY JUNTA TAKES OVER."

"He was a good man," said Wilf, sadly. "He—What's wrong?"

Angela's face was dead white. She pointed. Wilf read: "Armas was shot by one of his own guardsmen, who was himself gunned down at once. The guardsman's name was Romeo Sanchez Vasquez."

Yes, coming events cast their shadows before. It has been tough on Wilf, these past several years. He's had a job convincing Angela that she isn't responsible for the problems of the Western Hemisphere. Considering his methods, I envy him his job. Imagine having to convince a gal like that—night after night, for the rest of your life!

## THE TREE HOUSE

(Continued from page 22)

took to be a mocking smile. "I saw your kids climb into that thing, today, and I was curious. That's all." He hesitated, the smile broadened. "That's all, really."

"Keep to hell out of that tree, do you hear?" Malcolm kept his voice low, level and dangerous. "Go up there, and I'll shoot you out—like a crow!"

The young man, still with that maddening smile, picked up his pruning shears and walked away. He had started to work, that day, as assistant gardener. His first day, decided Malcolm, would be his last. A man like that, so aggressive, young and handsome, could be dangerous. The very thought of what he might do to an innocent, impressive Malorie made Malcolm clench his fists till his nails cut into the flesh of his palm. *The dog—the dirty, young dog!*

By the time night fell, Malcolm Burff had worked himself into a controlled frenzy of worry and doubt. Should he have shown Dick that movie, after all? And that young gardener; he lived in the garage. So long as he was on the estate, he was an ever present risk. Malcolm tried to keep the children up later than usual. There was something good on the Late, Late Show, he told them, and tomorrow was Saturday—no lessons.

But Malorie started to yawn early, and Dick kept rubbing his eyes. Malcolm let them go to bed, finally, at ten.

At eleven, he made the nightly bed check. He insisted that both Malorie and Dick keep a nightlight burning in each of their rooms—which were, of course, at opposite ends of the upstairs hallway—and the doors unlocked. So, tonight, as always, he opened the doors and peeked into the rooms... Good; the huddled forms of Malorie and Dick gave proof through the night that

virtue burned bright.

It was then that Malcolm heard the noise from the tree house.

He went out onto the balcony and listened carefully to make sure. Yes, a low gasping noise and a light feminine giggle sounded in the darkness.

Thieves? No. That young puppy of a gardener? More likely. He and that snip of a chambermaid were probably rooting like pigs in the playpen aerie—dirtying the fair nest of his children!

Malcolm wasted no time. He went downstairs to the library, and from the gun rack took the 375 Magnum rifle with which he intended, someday (he told himself) to shoot a lion. Jamming a clip into it, clumsily, he went outside.

Malcolm really did not possess the guts to shoot a lion. Nor did he now have the guts to climb up into the tree house. Instead, he shouted up to the heavens: "Now, you bastard, I'll teach you to grin at me!" Then he fired into the tree house. One shot... one thunderous, orange-flaming, ear-splitting, eye-blinking, shoulder-pounding shot that propelled a 300-grain pellet at a half-mile per second into the night—and thoroughly destroyed the little world of Malcolm Burff.

Unused to the monumental recoil of a 375 magnum rifle, Malcolm was sent hurtling backward as though kicked through a stable door. He landed flat on his back, and his balding head struck the only exposed rock for fifty feet around. An arm of the surrounding darkness thrust itself brutally into Malcolm Burff's mind, blotting out the light and all of his thoughts for some time.

When Malcolm regained consciousness, it was still night; his head hurt and his shoulder felt dislocated. Beside him lay the rifle. Overhead, the tree house hung at a crazy angle from the oak; a glance showed him that the bullet had hit

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one of the main cables that secured the house, allowing it to slip sideways. From the door, the rope ladder hung. Apparently, someone had made a quick exit. Well, thought Malcolm, they wouldn't come back in a hurry, the dirty cowards! He began to feel better.

But then a disturbing thought nudged through his mind. That gun had made enough noise to wake the dead. *Why hadn't it awakened Malorie and Dick?*

Another nudging, nagging thought: *The young gardener wasn't scheduled to move into the garage until the following day.*

With sudden panic, Malcolm dashed into the house: first to Malorie's room, then Dick's. In each bed—even as he himself had done during military school days (God, he had told them how to do it!)—the children had rigged pillows and blankets to look amazingly like sleeping forms.

Frantic now, the man ran back to the tree house. Brick by brick, his little world was falling down around him. An entire wing collapsed when, a moment later, a police car drove up the driveway and stopped a few yards from him. A spotlight picked out his ludicrous figure in its bathrobe and slippers. "What the hell," yelled Malcolm, "d'you want? You don't get paid off till next week!"

From the car, looking somewhat

sheepish, crept Malorie and Dick. They had no clothes on—except for the police jackets thrown over their shoulders.

"We found these two just as they ran outta the gate," said the Sheriff. He looked at Malcolm doubtfully. "They were both stark naked and said you had shot the house out from under them. I thought they'd both gone off their rockers, but—" his experienced eye took in the situation at a glance. "What really happened, Mr. Burff?"

Malcolm was staring at the children. As though talking to himself, he began reciting: "One, you two were up there alone; two, you had no clothes on; three, you rigged your beds. So, my little night owls have been bird watching, all this time, eh?" Slowly, he began creeping toward them, gripping the rifle tightly.

Warily, but with very adult authority in his voice, Dick said, "Look, Dad, it's about time you made the scene. Mal and I've been getting our kicks ever since you taught us the difference between chicks and cats, see? All we did was practice what you preached! Sure we needed that tree house, 'cause we were flyin', Dad!"

What years of warped sensuality and misguided righteousness had nurtured, and what the bang on the skull had done to his head, now erupted, like an angry boil, in the brain of Malcolm Burff. With a

scream, he raised the 375.

"Get down!" hollered the sheriff.

Dick threw himself at Malorie, bearing her to the ground. The rifle went off with another blast that lit up the night. The recoil sent Malcolm crashing backward onto the soft grassy turf.

He landed on his head.

On the same rock.

Next morning, after seeing that Malorie and Dick would be well taken care of by Malcolm's sister—whom they adored—the sheriff got the sister to sign Malcolm's commitment papers. He and his deputy drove Malcolm to the hospital themselves. On the way back, they discussed the situation.

"Too bad," mused the sheriff, sadly, "ol' Malcolm was a real square shooter. Decent, too. Never once welshed on a bet or a payoff." He shook his head. "I'm going t'miss them payoffs. It'll be like cutting my income in half."

"How many houses did he run?" the deputy asked.

"Three," the sheriff said, with admiration. "Three of the best brothels in the county. They tell me he was raisin' the kids to take over when he retired."

The deputy nodded. "Yeah — funny he flipped his lid like that—when he found them in the tree house an' all. Hell—why should he get sore at the kids for practicing what he musta preached?" ●

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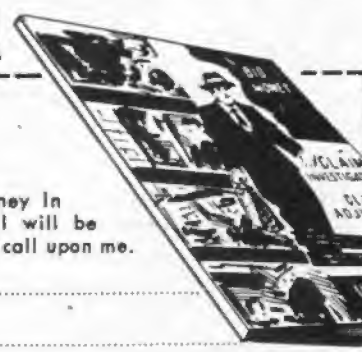
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## H.M.S. TATTLE TART

(Continued from page 39)

Parl. Yes, he is an Englishman!  
P. M. So he'd never tell lies to you—  
Not this son of Britain true-blue—  
First and last an Englishman!  
Parl. Yes, he is an Englishman!  
P. M. Now she may have lured a  
Russian—  
Scored three Yanks on her  
escutcheon—  
But never an Englishman!  
Parl. No, never an Englishman!  
Exit Prime Minister and Minister of  
War. Enter Tattle Tart.

ARIA - Tattle Tart

Oh, I'm called Little Tattle Tart—  
damned Little Tattle Tart,  
Since I revealed to the Press  
Who bedded with Tattle Tart—  
unwedded Tattle Tart,  
Tart in the Tattle Tart mess.  
Before all this started, to London I  
carted  
My body unsullied by work.  
A procurer changed that; his wiles  
rearranged that.  
He launched my career with a jerk.  
One jerk, then another! Oh, many  
another,  
Each higher in rank than the last.  
Until I arrived in notorious Cliveden  
The night of that infamous blast.  
Men of Nobility—Rites of Fertility—  
The Dolciest Vita in Town  
Engendered relations with one of  
the nation's  
Most highly-placed Lords of  
Renown.  
'Twas thus that I caught him, and  
later I taught him  
The folly of Letters of Love.  
For Tories who tarry with girls they  
can't marry  
Are ripe for a Laborite Shove.  
But the most amazed man when that  
Shove hit the fan  
Was he who had purchased the bed  
Which Little Tattle Tart—non-  
aligned Tattle Tart—  
So frequently shared with a Red.  
Thus my impurity threatens security  
In London—and Moscow as well.  
Secrets told Tattle Tart—sighed to  
bold Tattle Tart—  
Just might blow the world all to  
Hell!

Exit Tattle Tart. Enter Procurer.

SONG - Procurer

When I was a lad I early learned  
Sex is a product that is rarely  
spurned  
By high-placed members of society  
Who quite oft as not enjoy it sans  
propriety.  
I mastered this information well  
indeed  
And now I am Procurer to the  
Cliveden Breed.  
At this, my trade, I made such a  
mark  
My presence was a must at every  
lark.  
I thus played Cupid in the affair

Whose details with this August Body  
I wouldst now share.

I'm sharing my info patriotically  
And because I've talked too much to  
recant, you see.

The Minister of War and Red  
attache

To Tattle Tarts' boudoir by turn  
did stray.

She catered to the whims of both  
these gents

And gladly gave to me the agreed  
upon percents.

There's many a letter to testify  
That the Minister of War most  
surely did lie!

Stage darkens and all exit.

One corner lights up to show recalled  
Red Attache.

SONG - Red Attache

Oh, shame, oh mis'ry unforeseen,  
The OGPU says I've been  
A traitor in the British hay.  
I may have spilled the borscht, they  
say,

Whilst wooing that sly dame!  
They've shipped me back to face  
the charge—

My life expectancy's not large—  
Playing house with Mata Hari  
Might result in Hari Kari—  
Anyway, so they'll claim.  
Stage darkens and Red Attache exits.  
Opposite corner lights up to show Trio  
of American Airmen.

TRIO - American Airmen

Never mind the why and wherefore,  
Sex knows nations not, and  
therefore,  
Though our Uncle Sam is prudish,  
Though the Air Force frowns on  
lust,  
We, alas, have done things lewdish,  
But we ne'er betrayed our trust!  
Tattle Tart, we Airmen tussled  
At the price for which she hustled,  
Which in our case was not too high.  
No secrets had we to sell  
None were told us and that is why  
We've been cleared of Kiss-'n'-Tell.  
Stage darkens and Trio of American  
Airmen exit.

Lights come up on Parliament sitting in  
joint session. Enter Minister of War.  
SONG—Minister of War and Parliament

Min. I am the Minister of War  
And I've been silly with a whore,  
A slut who slept in many beds,  
Who slept with our allies, and some  
neutrals, and some Reds.

Parl. She slept with our allies, and  
some neutrals, and some Reds!  
Min. Although I lied to you before—  
'Twas but a white lie. Don't be sore!  
No need of talk of rolling heads  
Amongst us, our allies, and the  
neutrals, and the Reds.

Parl. Quite miffed are our allies, and  
the neutrals, and the Reds.

Min. The little fib I told you chaps  
Turned sticky wicket in your laps,  
So lop off my official head!

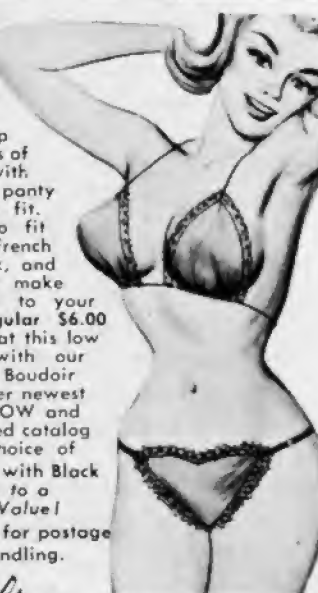
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But won't you spare Harold, and his  
Tories, so high-bred?  
Parl. For now we'll spare Harold,  
and his Tories, so high-bred!  
Stage darkens completely, then lights  
come up on same scene as before  
for Finale.

**FINALE – Ensemble**

Parl. (CHORUS) We sail the Ship  
of State;  
Now our stately Ship's a-flounder.  
We're sadder men of late  
Since we learned we cloaked a  
bounder  
Who kissed and wouldn't tell  
Of his actions compromising  
With a half-nude bathing belle  
Whose connections were surprising!

**ARIA – Tattle Tart**

Oh, I'm pale Little Tattle Tart—wan  
Little Tattle Tart,  
Since the world knows who enjoyed  
A bedful of Tattle Tart—regretful  
Tattle Tart—

Tattle Tart's quite unemployed!

Parl. (CHORUS) Oh, we damn Little  
Tattle Tart—talkative Tattle Tart  
Telling so many facets

Of high-placed polygamy, Tory  
economy

Damn near fell flat on its assets!

**SONG—Minister of War and Parliament**

Min. I am no longer Minister of War!

Parl. Aye! We've thrown you out in  
shame!

Min. And your verdict is just,  
Yet question it I must

In light of the mating game.

Parl. Aye! Our verdict is just!

Dare he question our trust

Might fall in the mating game?

Min. There is nothing like a dame  
To tarnish a man's fame.

So, hark to a man wrecked,

Who knows that his house glassy

Might yours be if a lassie—

Parl. Stop! We've never, never even  
necked!

Min. What, never?

Parl. No, never!

Min. What, *never*?

Parl. Hardly ever!

Min. They've hardly ever even  
necked!

So give three cheers, and one cheer  
more,

I've been cashiered from this  
governmental bore!

Ex-Minister of War exits.

**SONG—Prime Minister and Parliament**

P. M. His statements bear reviewing.

Tarts will e'er be our undoing.

For we're lusty Englishmen!

Parl. Yes, we're lusty Englishmen!

P. M. Let me add that I am happy

That despite my faith so sappy

I shall still rule Englishmen.

Parl. He shall still rule Englishmen?

P. M. Now, I know my days are  
numbered,

Still, I don't mind being lumbered

By another Englishman.

Parl. Lumbered by an Englishman!

P. M. Just be sure no reddish

Roosian,

No Yank, nor Celt, nor Proosian  
Ever rules o'er Englishmen.  
Parl. Heaven rules o'er Englishmen!  
**SONG – All**  
Our Ship of State's a-sail,

**NAKED GODDESS ON THE LOOSE**

(Continued from page 54)

"Sure . . . Hey! What are you  
doing?"

But Venus had already done it.  
She had unzipped the black sheath,  
dropped it to the ground and was  
standing there in her skin. "We'll  
have to swim for it," she explained.

"Oh. Yeah." All I could do was  
gape. Unlike some women I've  
known, this girl looked about a  
thousand percent better without  
clothes than she did with them.

"Don't be bashful," she said. "Get  
undressed."

Why not? That *had* been my  
whole plan, after all. It was just  
that this was neither the proper  
time, place, or purpose. It was so  
unromantic. And with Venus, too.

But, it had to be done.

We swam out to the middle of the  
lake and began diving. After about  
fifteen minutes, I found something.  
It was them, all right. A small bow  
and a packet of arrows to go with it.  
I handed them to Venus.

"I owe you a favor," she said,  
thanking me. "And I think you'll  
like the favor that I owe."

I was *sure* of it.

We had swum back to the edge  
and had begun to wade ashore when  
the flashlight covered us.

It shone on Venus first, playing  
over her face and the upper part of  
her body. "Hey, Herman," a deep  
voice said. "It's a damn mermaid!"

"Naw," a second voice said, scorn-  
fully. "They swim in the ocean, not  
in lakes. It's just some daffy dame."  
The beam landed on me. "And she's  
got a man with her."

"Yeah. What do we do, now?"

"What do you think, Max?" the  
man called Herman said. "We got  
to run them in for indecent ex-  
posure."

"I guess you're right. It's been a  
hell of a night, though. First we  
break up a rumble between the  
Phantoms and the Killers. And be-  
fore we can get a cup of coffee we  
run into *this*."

I hated to break into their con-  
versation, but I felt that our position  
was delicate, to say the least. "Offi-  
cers," I began, "I'm sure I can ex-  
plain. You see, this lady's son lost  
his little bow and arrow set and we  
merely swam out and recovered it."

"Sure, Mac," Herman said sooth-  
ingly. "Now you two screwballs  
come along quietly and you can tell  
it all to the judge."

"But, I assure you . . ."

"Sure you do. Now, just tell us  
where your clothes are and we'll

Though the journey's been quite  
rocky.  
So ends our sexy tale,  
With Britannia still quite cocky!  
**CURTAIN**

get you dressed."

"Why should we?" Venus asked.

"Why should you what?"

"Tell you where our clothes are."

"Oh, oh," Max said. "We're going  
to have trouble with this one."

"Yeah," Herman replied. "You go  
pick up a policewoman. In fact,  
you'd better get two policewomen.  
Some of these screwball dames can  
get violent."

"Oh, I'd never do anything like  
that, officer," Venus cooed.

"Get going!" Herman snapped to  
his partner.

We were still standing half in and  
half out of the water. I asked Her-  
man if he would let us come out  
onto the bank. "It's cold," I said.

"Just stay where you are. I don't  
want that dame any closer. She  
makes me think some very un-  
policeman-like thoughts."

"I'm sorry," Venus said. "Why  
don't you go off now and fight some  
criminals. I'll bet you are terribly  
brave."

Herman puffed out his chest.  
"Well, now," he began, then sharply  
caught himself up. "That's enough  
of that," he roared. "And no more  
talking!"

We waited obediently until Max  
returned with a pair of healthy  
looking policewomen. "O.K.," Her-  
man said. "You two girls go after  
her, while Max and I get the guy."

"It would be a lot more fun the  
other way around," Venus sug-  
gested.

"You see what I mean?" Herman  
exploded. "A dame like that  
shouldn't be allowed to run around  
loose!"

I guess I was the only one who  
noticed Venus' movement. She  
slipped four arrows into the bow-  
string and let fly.

"Alice . . .!"

"Herman . . .!"

"Betty . . .!"

"Max . . .!"

The four of them were advancing  
towards each other like Tristan and  
Isolde at the end of the opera's first  
act. They had no time left to watch  
Venus and me, so we discreetly left.

"Where to, now?" I asked when  
we'd found our clothes and dressed.

"Don't you have any ideas? I  
told you I owe you a favor."

Normally, I'm not the sort of guy  
who invites a girl to his apartment  
on the first date. But who am I to  
disappoint a goddess?

She didn't disappoint me, either!



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## THE SWEDE FROM NUDIE-VILLE

(Continued from page 37)

That afternoon he was seated at a table in the rear by himself, moodily blending an ulcer with a Perfect Manhattan and worrying about the financial security of the "nudie." He'd already laid out money for film and carfare and incidentals, but as yet there'd been no green to put the light back in his eyes. Arnie had been stung before by getting involved in shoestring operations, and his daily drink was mixed with equally pessimism and vermouth. When he saw the director and producer heading for him from the front of the Tumble, his mind did a quick half-turn and began forming the tactful words which might loosen the company wallet.

But he never got a chance to say them. The director pulled up in front of Arnie and began talking fast. "Arnie, you know J. B. Armbruster," he said, and while Arnie's neck was only three-quarters down the bobbling affirmative he continued. "And this is Ingrid Wellington, nee Bjornstrand. She was Miss Sweden in the Miss Universe contest seven, eight years back. J. B. has some more shots he wants you to take for publicity. They're out of my line, so he's strictly on his own. I told him you'd be glad to cooperate." And with that the director was gone.

A little bewildered, Arnie turned to J. B., the producer. En route his eyes took in the Swedish blonde parked at the table. She was an eyeful, maybe a wee bit over the cheesecake hill age-wise, but Arnie well knew that these low-budget "nudies" often had to settle for a mite less than Liz Taylor in the pulchritude department. Anyway, things could be done about those over-thirty lines the makeup didn't quite hide on her forehead and the over-thirty bust sag Arnie suspected was being hidden by a good uplift. As for the rest of her, he'd already noted good legs, sexy hips, a plump *derriere* and regular features. There'd been worse looking broads in many a "nudie." He completed the swivel and looked at the producer questioningly.

"Mr. Crosspatch," said J. B. Armbruster, "we'd like you to take some publicity shots of Mrs. Wellington here."

His voice droned on, but Arnie wasn't really listening. The prospect of additional work had rung a warning bell in his head and the ting-a-ling said "What about money?" loud and clear. He was already in for a bundle on this job and before he got in any deeper, he wanted some assurances of bank-notes-on-the-line. When J. B.

reached a semi-colon in his soliloquy, Arnie came in with a fast interjection apropos the topic on his mind. "About money, J. B.—" he began.

The producer waved it aside, looking slightly annoyed. "That will all be taken care of, don't worry. This is actually a separate deal and this will be taken care of immediately."

"What do you mean by immediately?"

"This is Friday. If you can take the photos this afternoon, as I have requested, I will see that you have a check first thing Monday."

That was Arnie's kind of language. "What are we waiting for? The studio's free. We can start shooting right now." He signed the tab and led the way across the street to his office-studio.

All the while he was setting up his equipment, J. B. kept talking. "These pictures have to have a lot of class," he was saying. "I think one shot of her signing the contracts. Then maybe one with a mantilla over her head — sort of an ethereal effect. Then a variety of head shots to catch different moods. Close-ups with glasses to catch her business side and applying make-up to show she's basically feminine. Get what I mean?"

"Yeah, sure," Arnie kept repeating through all of this. "Absolutely." And all the time he was thinking to himself that, damn it, he was stuck with another come-on-strong kook. One out of every two shootings there was always some creep trying to tell him his business. *Class*, they always said and they always used words like *ethereal*, for Pete's sake. Arnie knew the type and he knew how to handle them. He took a few shots like the jerk wanted, and then he politely gave him his walking papers.

"I'm sure I know what you want now, Mr. Armbruster," he told him. "However, to properly establish the desired rapport between photographer and chick—I mean, subject—a certain amount of privacy is needed. You've been extremely helpful and I'm not unappreciative of the value of your suggestions, but I think that for the best results you should leave me alone with Mrs. Wellington, now."

The look on Armbruster's face was all doubt, but Arnie kept talking, and by the time he'd hit a period Armbruster was safely out the door and on his way down the stairs. Arnie locked the door behind him and went back to the Swedish blonde. "All right, sweetie, now we can get down to work," he said.

"Take off your clothes."

"What's that you say?" She still had a trace of a Swedish accent, and the surprised way her blue eyes opened at his instructions accentuated her Scandinavian appearance.

"Come on. Let's not play games. The square is gone. Doff the dudsies and we'll take the kind of publicity shots you *really* need."

"But Mr. Armbruster said—"

"I know all about what he said, honey, but take my word for it, his ideas are strictly from Squaresville. You got a bikini with you?"

"No."

"S'all right. Must be one that'll fit you around here some place." He began rummaging through a crowded closet.

"Mr. Armbruster said a mantilla," Ingrid said in some confusion.

"Yeah, sure, we'll shoot you with a mantilla. We'll drape it over your head so the ends just hang down over your breasts. Don't worry about it. Just leave everything to me."

"I don't know—"

"Oh, so you're the shy type, huh? Now listen, cool it, honey. This Daddy-O knows the score. Trust me. The only worry either of us has is whether that Ivy League type'll really come through with the bread on Monday."

"Oh, you don't have to worry about getting paid. I personally will guarantee that."

"You will? Well, sweetie, that's real peachy of you. I appreciate it, too. All the same, that kind of guarante don't pay the pusher. So thanks for the kind thoughts and excuse me while I worry anyway. It's food for my ulcer."

"You are very amusing."

"Thanks. And now what do you say we get down to work. Since you're so shy, we'll start off easy. Just unbutton your blouse, please."

Looking at him coyly, Ingrid did as she was told.

Arnie walked over to her and extended his hands towards her bosom. With an alarm that may have been more than slightly mock, she started to pull away.

"Nothing personal," Arnie explained. "It's all in the line of work. I have to — umm — arrange your charms to best advantage. Okay?"

She nodded and he reached by turn inside each of her bra and hefted her breasts to get maximum cleavage. He couldn't help thinking that the way her flesh trembled against his groping fingers seemed more eager than shy. Then he pushed the top of her bra way down and arranged her open blouse to hide the bra-top without concealing any of the flesh. He went back to the camera and took the shot.

"I'm going to take two more the



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same way," he told her. "Now, when I snap my fingers, you wet your lips and then take a deep breath and hold it. Then I'll take the shot. Got it?"

She nodded and they did as he said.

"We'd do better if you'd take off that bra under the blouse," Arnie suggested.

She thought about it a moment and then shrugged her shoulders. She reached behind her and unhooked the bra, turning away from him to wriggle out of it. Arnie mentally winked to himself with satisfaction. He'd shot chicks like this before. All protests and modesty at the start, but if you just eased them along, after awhile they'd be bouncing around in the buff like the most fanatical nudists.

"I didn't think we'd be shooting pictures like this," she remarked as she followed Arnie's posing instructions.

"Cheesecake shouldn't be anything new to you," Arnie said. "I thought you were in the Miss Universe contest a few years back."

"I was what they call a runner-up," she said proudly. "But all the pictures they shot there were in bathing suits."

"Any bikini stuff?"

"No. But I wear a bikini on the beach sometimes. Oh, how the men ogle."

"I'll just bet they do," Arnie said. But not as much as they ogle when they get a load of you in the altogether in that "nudie" movie, he told himself cynically. So stop with the wide-eyed innocence already, my Swedish pigeon. Never try to kid a kidder.

"Would you mind taking that blouse off?" he said.

"What would Mr. Armbruster say?" she giggled.

That must be it! Arnie thought to himself. She must be old J. B.'s own personal sweet-patootie. And if I'm any judge of types, the old squarenik's hiding real green eyes behind those bifocals. No wonder he's pulling the bit with contract signing and all that jazz. It's a good thing I'm hip, or I could see myself taking these shots all over again next week when that director got a load of what I would have come up with if I'd gone along with J. B.

He took a half-dozen bare-breasted shots of Ingrid and then began posing her for some leg shots. Each time he got his hands on her body to show her how to pose she reacted more warmly. Finally he decided there'd been enough game-playing and it was time for serious business.

"All right, sweetie," he said, "let's get the rest of those clothes off."

"You mean you want me to pose in the nude?"

Now how the hell, Arnie wonder-

ed, did they ever manage to shoot a "nudie" movie with this broad? Hell, her body was her career, so what was she coming on so obtuse about? "Yeah, *au naturel*, that's the general idea," he told her wearily. "You got any objections?"

She giggled again. "I have no objections," she told him. "Mr. Armbruster, he might have objections and my husband, he might have objections . . ."

"You leave Mr. Armbruster to me. As to your husband—"

"You leave him to me," she finished with another trill of laughter. She started taking off the rest of her clothes and then stopped with a shiver. "It's getting chilly in here," she said.

"Yeah," Arnie agreed. "Well, we can fix that." He went to a cupboard, took out two glasses and a bottle and poured two healthy hookers of Scotch. "Wrap that beautiful frame of yours around that," he told her.

They had a second, then a third, and by that time neither of them was feeling the chill at all. As a matter of fact, the liquor had blurred the minor over-thirty flaws of Ingrid's body to an extent where, as he looked at it in all its nudity, Arnie wondered what he'd ever been worrying about. He shot many shots, including a whole sequence with that blasted mantilla and nothing else. After still another shared hooker of Scotch, he noticed a decidedly warm response to his efforts to show Ingrid just how to pose.

One response leading to another, he found himself kissing her warmly while she kissed back with equal warmth. Now, Arnie, despite his line of work, was no wolf. Models could cause photographers with wandering hand-trouble too much difficulty. He'd learned that early in his career, and he rarely made passes, or took liberties. But this bit with Ingrid was different. There could be no doubt that she was encouraging such liberties. Also, there's something about kissing a naked Miss Universe contestant—no matter how far in the past her glories may be buried—that just naturally constitutes the one thing which invariably leads to another. And so it did. And then another. And another. Until, to put it bluntly, they made love.

Arnie found it extremely pleasant, the more so for having been unplanned. Still, experience having been a harsh teacher, once the interlude was over he felt it contingent upon himself to make sure, as delicately as possible, that Ingrid was in no sense mixing the pleasure of their business up with the fee to which he was entitled for the pictures he'd shot. It wouldn't be the first time that his partner in such

lovemaking had looked upon her role as part, or full payment for his services. So, as she was leaving, he remarked, "I hope J. B. likes the pictures. I'm looking forward to being paid on Monday. Frankly, I'm in a bind, and I need the money."

"You needn't worry," she assured him. "I personally guarantee that you will be paid in full."

Well, Arnie figured, if she was J. B.'s girl friend, then she probably could make such a guarantee. Anyway, might just as well go along until Monday. In any case, there was nothing else he could do.

When he walked into the Tumble Inn with the developed photos under his arm Monday afternoon, what amounted to a reception committee was waiting for him. The director was there and on either side of him sat J. B. and Ingrid. Spreading out from them, strewn around like so many Xmas decorations, were a half-dozen or so of the girls who appeared in the "nudie," all of whom, sadly, looked rather the worse for wearing clothes. A general salvo of hellos drove him into a chair at the table.

He took out the photos. One-by-one he handed them to Ingrid who handed them to the director who passed them along to J. B. who let the girl beside him take them from him and pass them along to the rest of the group. The first few, taken while J. B. was there, were passed quickly and with little comment. Then, as the photos began getting hotter, certain attitudes began manifesting themselves.

Ingrid flushed with pleasure and murmured approval. The director looked puzzled, then flustered. J. B. turned red, began biting his lip, started to get angry, caught Ingrid's approval and squelched the anger. There were gasps among the girls as the photos were passed down the line. One of them started to say something, but the well-directed elbow to her ribs by the girl next to her shut her up. When all the pictures had gone down the line and ended up back in Arnie's grasp, there was a strange silence over the group.

Arnie couldn't figure it. But one thing he could figure. He'd better get paid before this silence jelled into the kind of trouble which might result in his being stiffed. "About my check," he said abruptly.

J. B. stood up. His face was a study in controlled anxiety and anger. "Come on, Ingrid, we've got to be going," he said.

Ingrid got up immediately and before Arnie could protest she laid a check in front of him, took the pictures and followed J. B. out the door. Arnie looked at the check. The amount was right. But the signature on it threw him. It was signed "Mrs. Ingrid Wellington." And the check

was drawn on a Montreal bank.

"Hey," Arnie said, turning to the director who still looked like he'd been hit by a truck and didn't know whether he was going to make a mint out of it, or was really hurt. "Is this check good?"

"Good as gold."

"I don't get it; how come she's paying me?"

"You don't get it! That's the understatement of the year. I don't get it. Whatever possessed you to take those shots of her?"

"What do you mean? It's all standard cheesecake stuff."

"Didn't J. B. tell you to take contract signing shots and cool stuff like that?"

"Well, yeah, but I figured he was just putting it on, or didn't know the score. I knew you'd never go for anything like that."

"You did, huh?" The director shook his head. "Well, aren't you the old hippie. You sure 'nuf know your job. Ain't nobody gonna tell you nuttin', right?"

"What's bugging you?" Arnie said in an injured tone.

"I'll tell you, smart guy. I'll tell you what's bugging me. That lady you shot just happens to be the wife of the guy who's putting up the dough for our little opus a la nude, that's all."

"You mean she's not in the 'nude'?"

"That's what I mean."

"But you said she was Miss Sweden a few years back. I mean, I naturally figured—"

"You naturally figured wrong. She's the wife of the backer. He's only making this movie so she'll have something to play with while she's in New York. She's quite the society gal these days and they've spent a lot of time and effort living down her bathing beauty background. Also, J. B. is more or less responsible for seeing she doesn't get in any trouble while she's in New York. And if her hubby sees those pix, there goes the whole deal, Kerflooy! Now do you dig?"

"I dig. But he won't see those pix, or hear anything about it. I can give you insurance on that," Arnie said positively. "Just give me her phone number."

The director had nothing to lose. He gave Arnie the number. And that very night, listening to that Swedish giggle beside him in bed, Arnie knew she'd never go back on the promise she'd just made him. Her husband would never see the pictures; the "nude" would proceed shooting on schedule. Yes, and there might be another one to follow it. If there was, Arnie was sure he would get to shoot the publicity stills—particularly the ones of the lady producer signing the contracts.

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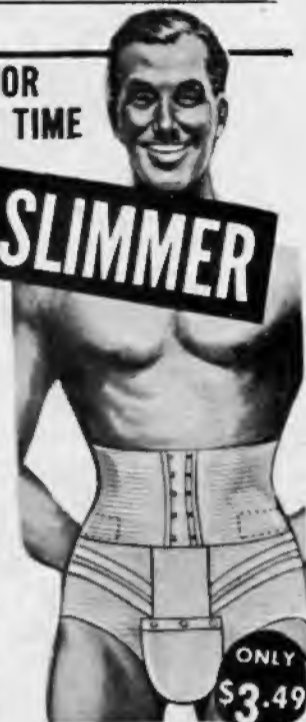
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## CONFESSIONS OF A PARTY GIRL

(Continued from page 25)

perience that morality is mostly a matter of not getting caught.

ACE: Perhaps. But even if that's true, there must be cases where a man is "caught," or embarrassed by what happens at these convention parties.

HOSTESS: Oh, yes. It happens.

ACE: I'd be interested in knowing just how this "public service" is performed. Let's take it from the beginning. How is this convention party girl bit worked out practically? Who makes the first move, and what is it?

HOSTESS: Well, as soon as the date for a convention's been set and the hotel reservations arranged for, the convention chairman, or maybe one of the other fellows responsible for making arrangements usually contacts me.

ACE: How do they know you're the one to contact?

HOSTESS: Maybe because we've done business before. Maybe somebody at some other convention's tipped them off. Word gets around. Lots of time it's the hotel manager, or someone else connected with the hotel who steers them onto me.

ACE: You mean the hotels involved condone this sort of thing?

HOSTESS: Not officially of course. But they look the other way. And they're not above cooperating with someone like me, if it means sewing up some convention business.

ACE: Are you saying that reputable hotels actively collaborate with you in providing party girls for conventions?

HOSTESS: Maybe not actively, but they have to go along with it. You know, being in this racket, I've learned a lot about the hotel business—enough to know how necessary my operation is to them, no matter how many people deny it.

ACE: Necessary?

HOSTESS: They may try to ignore it, but businessmen know damn well that free-wheelin' chicks figure big in attracting convention biz. Men away from home, cuttin' loose from the ball-and-chain, are out to have a good time—an' that means girls. Also, at sales conventions an' big industry shows, the buyers who come to look over the merchandise expect to be entertained. That means chicks, too.

ACE: Can you give us some examples.

HOSTESS: Well, sometimes there are special requests for different things. It depends on the group involved. Some prefer to keep it on an informal basis. Just girls for dates and how the individual fellow makes out is up to him. Others want special treatment. Stripteases and other, what you might call shows. Some want setups for small parties

—like four girls for four men. There's those that want real specialties, highly unusual, and those that just want a few girls to come over and be nice to the boys. Much of this can't be planned in advance; it has to be played by ear.

ACE: Do the cops ever bother you?

HOSTESS: The fuzz are generally taken care of one way or another.

ACE: You mean you bribe them?

HOSTESS: I grease a few palms sometimes, but you have to understand, it isn't always a matter of bribery. Often as not the cops' hands are tied by the local storekeepers. These Joes have what you could call a vested interest in keeping the boys happy, in seeing they'll want to hold their convention there next year.

ACE: Yet you say this isn't prostitution! Well, let's look at it from a legal standpoint. This isn't the only city you and your girls have been in; at times you must cross state lines; isn't that legally white slavery?

HOSTESS: White slavery is when you transport a girl for illicit purposes. First, I never transport my girls anywhere. I tell them where I'm going to be as much in advance as I know, and if it's convenient, they look me up. Second, I have nothing to do with anything illicit. I provide hostesses—*hostesses*, get it? If they meet some fellow and take a shine to him and they go the limit, that's their business.

ACE: Do you collect a cut of what they make?

HOSTESS: No. I collect a fee for finding them jobs as *hostesses*. And I collect a fee from the group that hires them for providing *hostesses*.

ACE: Are you part of any larger organization? Is there what might be called a syndicate in back of you?

HOSTESS: You been seeing too many movies. It doesn't work like that. There are plenty of others in the same business I'm in, but there's no organization. We don't step on each others' toes, and we try to be fair in spreading the business around; that's all.

ACE: What would a typical convention night for a party girl be like?

PARTY GIRL: Well, they can be pretty different. I don't know that any one is *typical*. But let me tell you about a night I spent recently in a big-city hotel where a convention was being held. They'd broken up some sales conferences about nine p.m. and called the boss here to ask that some of the girls come over. I went with three others. When we got there, the boys were already pretty loaded. I guess you might say they were wild, but I'm

used to that, and they weren't any more high-spirited than most guys get when they've shed the wife for a spree in the big city. Anyway, they decided it would be pretty funny if they pulled a switcheroo and we girls drank scotch from their shoes instead of them drinking champagne from our slippers. Well, it was good scotch, even from a shoe, and pretty soon we were as high as they were. Three of the boys took me into another room for a strip poker game—the kind where everybody loses. Pretty soon the four of us were sitting around in our bare skins—not doing anything, just making funny faces and getting into screwball poses, that sort of thing. And lapping up scotch. We all kept belting it down, the first thing I knew these jokers decided we should all do a conga and I should lead the line down the hall. The idea was to pick up more people from the various rooms. Well, pretty soon, I was heading up a line of twenty or so guys and a few girls in what you might call various stages of undress. Only the hotel management didn't dig this, so the manager got hold of a few of the convention bigwigs and they made us break it up. It was a ball while it lasted, though.

ACE: Then what happened?

PARTY GIRL (giggling): Turned out two of the hotshots that broke it up talked out of both sides of their mouths. Even while they were calming the boys down, I spotted one of them ogling me. I was naked as a jaybird, and I am pretty well built, so I didn't blame him. Would you?

ACE: What is your price?

PARTY GIRL: Like I said, there's no set price. Only what the traffic will bear. An' this traffic looked mighty bearable. We told 'em fifty apiece an' they never blinked an eyelash. They got their money's worth, though. It was a wild night!

ACE: Could you go into a little more detail.

PARTY GIRL: Why, you dirty old man, you! So you wanna play Kinsey, huh? Well, hell, just how much detail is there to go into? They weren't queer, or sadistic or anything like that. There's only so much you can do with sex, junior. There was a lot of us switching back and forth between the two men, and them being soberer than guys usually are at conventions, the lovin' was pretty good. I don't know what else I can tell you.

ACE: That about wraps it up, I guess. I want to thank both of you for your cooperation.

HOSTESS: Thank you. And don't forget to look us up the next time you have a magazine convention.

PARTY GIRL: Yeah, maybe then I can go into more detail—action speaking louder than words an' all!



*Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."*

# Is Your English Holding You Back?

**"D**o you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

## BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

**Question** *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

**Answer** People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

**Question** *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

**Answer** A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

**Question** *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

**Answer** No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

**Question** *Is this something new?*

**Answer** Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

**Question** *Does it really work?*

**Answer** Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

**Question** *Who are some of these people?*

**Answer** Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

**Question** *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

**Answer** In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

**Question** *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

**Answer** I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

## MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

*If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.*

.....  
**DON BOLANDER**, Career Institute, Dept. 8K 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, HI.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

A black and white photograph of actress Hope Lange standing in a swimming pool. She is wearing a long, patterned, long-sleeved dress and is holding a thin stick. A man in a top hat is floating in the water, holding a glass. The background shows a building with columns and a statue.

# **A LIGHT FANTASTIC**

Screen star Hope Lange  
captures the mirth and  
excitement you will find  
in this issue of ACE.



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